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Pro-Slavery.

NEGROES AND NEGRO SLAVERY.

[From The New York Day Book.]

A PAMPHLET, with this title, has been put into our hands for perusal. It is from the pen of Doctor J. H. Van Evrie, of Washington, whose contributions on the same subject have appeared lately in the *Washington Union*. Doctor Van Evrie takes the negro as he is—as he came from the hands of his Maker—and shows most clearly that the attempt or pretended designs of the Abolitionists to make him a white man, or to make the negro race equal to the white race, is a moral and physical impossibility, and also that the present relation existing between the two races at the South is founded on the fact of their natural inequality, and is, consequently, the very best that can possibly be for both. He shows, also, that this whole Abolition spirit is a delusion, and the excitement and tirades against the South kept up, by the influence of English literature and the absolute necessities of the British aristocracy, which, in order to keep part of its own race in subjection, must endeavour and appear to the world as trying to elevate an inferiour race to the level of the labouring classes of Europe.

English philanthropy taxed the working men of Britain hundreds of millions of dollars to emancipate the negroes of Jamaica, and what was the result? Why, the negroes, instead of being *now* an industrious, virtuous people, are idle, debauched vagabonds, and fast going back to their original barbarism. To support these vagabonds, the labour of the Irish and English peasantry is taken by the Government; and what should go to benefit and educate the Irishman's children, the English aristocracy rob him of to give to idle negroes in the West Indies. The following extract will give the reader an idea of the force of Dr. Van Evrie's reasoning on this point:

"It is estimated that the British Government has expended six hundred millions to put down the African slave trade, to abolish slavery, or rather, to call things by their right names, to destroy the natural relations of the races in the West India Islands—in short, under the pretence of benefiting the negro, to break down the distinctions of nature, and equalize those whom the Almighty has made unequal.

"This enormous sum is, of course, laid upon the already over-burdened shoulders of the British labouring and producing classes; and, incredible as it will appear to posterity, at the very moment that a hundred millions, the proceeds of the sweat and toil of the over-worked and often half-famished British labourers, was thus squandered on a distant and unknown people, the latter was better fed and infinitely less worked than the former. And it is reasonable to suppose that for every idle vagabond negro now basking in tropical suns or revelling in pumpkin in Jamaica, there is a poor worn-out, maimed and defaced British labourer perishing in the prison almshouse of England, a necessary victim of 'philanthropic' imposture, and 'humane' iniquity.

"There are eight millions in the British islands unable to read; yet these dumb, voiceless beings, instead of using the proceeds of their own labour to educate their own offspring, to save their own children from that most hideous of all savageisms, the ignorance of a superior race in the midst of high civilization, are compelled by a despotic and irresponsible oligarchy to surrender the proceeds of their toil to be wasted on a distant and, to them, an utterly unknown race.

"Within the past ten years, several millions of British subjects have perished of famine, every one of whom might have been saved if the money squandered on the negro had been employed for that purpose; indeed, it is reasonable to suppose that the proceeds of labour wrung alone from the bones and sinews of these murdered Irishmen themselves, for the benefit, or the pretended benefit, of the negro, would have been sufficient to save every man of them.

"The monstrous imposture which has so long deceived the world, under the cloak of philanthropy and a pretended desire to benefit humanity, has been sustained and kept up by the lying assumption that it was the British nation, the totality of the British people, who carried this negro policy; but it is the work alone of the governing class, the oligarchy, the half million or so of the British population embodied in the Parliament, while the unrepresented millions, the people proper, those whose labour furnishes the means, who bear the burthens and suffer the sacrifices, have no more to do with it—indeed, are as utterly ignorant of it as the people of Kamtschatka or the inhabitants of the moon.

"To suppose such a thing that these eight millions of artificial heathens, existing in the heart of British society, would give their sweat and toil and labour for such purposes, that the poor emaciated artisan, the over-worked and often half-famished multitudes shut out from the light of earth as well as heaven, in British mines, would, of their own volition, labour and toil and suffer to enable the negro to live in idleness in Jamaica—to suppose such a thing, we repeat, is an atrocious blasphemy, a libel upon the Almighty, who has beneficently as wisely ordained to the contrary, and made self-preservation a primary instinct of our nature.

"The immediate, practical inevitable result of this vast expenditure on the negro is to rivet more surely the slavery of the British millions, to compel every labourer in England to work an hour longer every day of his life, and to snatch a portion of the food from the mouths of his children, often earned by the very life-blood of the father, to be wasted on the negro. It is the robbery and plunder of the disfranchised millions, the ignorant, helpless, starving multitudes of British labourers, by a heartless and brutal oligarchy, to accomplish its own ulterior designs and effect schemes of transcendant villany under the mask and cover of philanthropy.

"It is a mortgage on the bones and muscles, the bodies and souls of future generations of their own flesh and blood, under the hypocritical pretence of benefiting humanity.

"The actual wrong thus inflicted upon the unrepresented masses of Britain would have been the same if every manumitted negro had been elevated to the standard of a Wilberforce or made the literary equal of old Johnson himself; but the results upon the negro have been scarcely less disastrous.

"It is now admitted by the tools as well as the dupes of the imposture that while the mortality of the slave traffic has advanced from 14 to 25 per cent., as the direct result of British interference, not one single African the less has been imported!

"The world, civilization, the want of society, the comfort and well-being of the millions of Christendom required the products of the tropics and of the West India Islands. The Creator has ordained that these products can only be forthcoming through the labour of the negro; the demand was imperative, and the labour was furnished. It is not necessary to enquire whether the mode of furnishing this labour was right or wrong, whether the necessities of human well-being demanded only its regulation on principles of humanity, or whether it was or is inherently and absolutely wrong; British interference with it has only brought suffering and death to the, in this connection, "unhappy negro." If British citizens, the people of London and Liverpool, required a certain amount of coffee, sugar, and other tropical products, the labour necessary to meet these demands was always furnished. Thus, if the labour of fifty thousand negroes was required, eighty thousand were shipped on the African coast, as thirty thousand of them would be sacrificed by British interference.

"What number of negroes have thus, within the last sixty years, been destroyed, actually murdered, in the name of philanthropy, may not be known, but it must be enormous; and for every one of these, for all the hideous diablares of the middle passage, for all this human suffering, immeasurable and illimitable, the British aristocracy and their tools and dupes in Europe and America are justly responsible. In Jamaica, and the other islands, the natural relations of the races broken up, the negro, of course, refuses to labour, and, rapidly returning to the African standard of the race, these islands, which lie in the very bosom of the American Continent, and should be the very garden of American civilization, now promise to become the seat and centre of an African barbarism.

"Now, all these consequences, these results, the mortgaging of the bones and muscles of future generations of British labourers, and the indefinite postponement of their own liberation under pretence of liberating the negro—the hypocritical and false issue presented to the credulous friends of liberty everywhere—the evils worked out on the negro himself—the destruction of life and increased sufferings of the middle passage—the rapidly approaching savageism of those forced from their normal condition in Jamaica and other West India Islands—the false hopes, mistaken notions, and prospective extinction of the negro populations at the North—the overthrow of civilization, and threatened establishment of an African barbarism on our Southern border, the ally and instrument of European aristocracy in any future collision with American Democracy—above all, the effects upon ourselves—the wide-spread delusion that Southern institutions are an "evil" and their extension dangerous—the notion so prevalent at the North, that there is a real antagonism or that the system of the South is hostile to Northern interests—the weakened Union sentiment, and the utter debauchment, the absolute traitorism of a portion of the Northern people, not only to the Union, but to Democratic institutions, and the cause of civilization on this Continent—all these, with the minor and almost innumerable mischiefs that this vast delusion, this mighty world-wide imposture has engendered or drags in its train, rest upon the dogma, the single assumption, the sole elementary foundation falsehood, that the negro is a black white man, or that two widely separated, unmistakably marked and perpetually different things are the same thing! This single fallacy, which is in reality an absurdity, as well as a lie, once exploded, and the mighty edifice which fraud and imposture, and popular credulity, have united to magnify into such fearful proportions, instantly collapses and disappears forever. The negro once comprehended, as he is, as God has made him, as he must perpetually remain, and, instantly, "philanthropy," "humanity," that which men have worshipped as a divinity, becomes like the unveiled prophet of Khorasson—a hideous monstrosity."

Selections.

THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION IN PORTLAND.

SPEECH OF SENATOR WADE.

HON B. F. WADE, U. S. Senator from Ohio, delivered the following speech at Deering's Oaks, on Tuesday, the 14th ult.:

MR. PRESIDENT: I have come a great way, not with the hope or expectation that I had anything to impart to the enlightened and intelligent people of this State which would furnish them any additional light upon the great subject now in issue before the people of the United States. I know very well that you have in your midst men infinitely better able to do that than I can make any pretensions to do; but, in the great issue now pending before the people of the United States, in the organization of this great Republican party, it is necessary that all portions of this great Republic should mingle their counsels for a common object. And to make myself acquainted with your sentiments, and to go home to the people of Ohio and tell them what I have learned of you with respect to the duties of the people of the North, is my principal object in visiting this part of the country; for, in my apprehension, this great movement of the people is to fix the destinies of this great Republic, for weal or for woe, for a great length of time to come.

This large and, to me, unexpected assemblage is additional evidence to prove that this great Republican movement emanates from the people (applause). It is no coming together of the people at the call of some old respectable leader of any party. Those men whose principles and notions of public affairs seemed to be all-important as guides for the people to follow, they have followed till these men are laid in their graves; and the people now know full well that it devolves upon them to conduct their own affairs in their own way.

There is but one issue of importance now before the American people, and that is the question of slavery. It is thrust into our very faces; and, unless we are the merest cowards under heaven, we cannot disregard it if we would, and we would not disregard it if we could (applause). Our free institutions have been deliberately assailed in high places; and that Government which was instituted by our fathers especially for the protection and establishment of liberty is now perverted to the cursed purpose of propagating slavery. There is no other idea that is broached by your Administration.

I know very well that you have among you, as we have among us, a few men who think they can recognise the old Whig party. Now, Sir, I can speak very freely of that party, because I belonged to it. I followed that party, with an unwavering fidelity, for twenty-five years; but I say that that organization is dead; and they who expect to resuscitate it expect a miracle greater than that was wrought at the tomb of Lazarus (applause). I was present when it died. It died by the perfidy of its own members—thus committing a kind of political suicide.

The gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Banks) observed that he had no fault to find with Southern men; but, as a member of the Whig party, I have a most serious charge to make against them; I say they were false and perfidious to their brethren of the North; and when they sneaked into a private room with the common enemy, and there devised plans and purposes to entrap their brethren, the party died—or, at least, all honour died in the ranks of Southern Whigs. I say your Whig party is dead. Your straight-out Whigs may have some convulsive spasms, such as you find in the tail of a dead snake (laughter), but it is a mere tail of a dead party; the body and the head of it being dead and buried.

And you of the old Democratic party, once so proud, once so predominant, although I disagreed with you, I could respect you for honesty, knowing that you entertained purposes of patriotism; but how have those purposes dwindled into nothing? You also are dead (laughter). You may find, Sir, when you receive a shock from the treasury, a kind of spasm such as is experienced in the limbs of a dead frog when submitted to a galvanic battery; but in every other aspect you are dead. Your principles are buried, as the gentleman from Massachusetts—being of your party, as I was of the other—assured you that every honourable principle that formerly appertained to that party was dead, and nothing left of it except decaying and corrupt portions about the treasury (laughter).

And why, Sir, is this great movement of the people? Whose potent voice has called them all together? Is it not because you know full well that old things have passed away and all things have become new, politically? Why are men now to attend to old questions—questions of Tariffs, and Banks, and Internal Improvements, and matters of such kinds—when the real question at issue is whether you shall be bond or free—whether you will become the slaves of a Southern oligarchy, to do their pleasure? I say that to turn your attention to such questions, and amuse yourselves longer with such things, when this tremendous issue is before you, would be about as sensible as for a man to go off and play at chequers with his neighbour when his house was burning over his head (applause). But, my friends, I have no fears. I see in the light of your eyes and the intelligence of your countenances a guaranty that you are about to hurl defiance into the ranks of the Southern Oligarchy. This very Convention will enable me to go home to Ohio and proclaim what I have seen and heard, and it will add to our overwhelming majority thousands of votes (great applause).

I have told you, Sir, that those land-marks of liberty which it was the purpose of our fathers to establish have been assailed; that there is a deliberate purpose on the part of Southern men to make null and void all that was gained by our forefathers. They were men indeed. It was their deliberate purpose to proclaim the rights of human nature and to establish them upon a basis which hereafter should never be shaken. They proclaimed, amid the most terrible perils, and at the hazard of their lives, that "all men were created free and equal," and that they had certain "inalienable rights"—rights not derived from the puny hand of man, not existing by the will of kings, princes or emperors, but received from the hand of the living God, sacred to all men and never to be violated. These were the great principles our fathers proclaimed, and these are the principles now sought to be trampled under foot. They said these principles are self-evident; but men stand forth now in the halls of your legislature proclaiming them to be self-evident lies; and one-half of the States of this Union, with one exception, to-day lie prostrate before the overthrow of these great principles; and no man, except one, in the whole South, has been bold enough to rise there and proclaim these great principles which were proclaimed by our forefathers. They are a conquered people. (A voice from the crowd—"Who is the man?) Mr. WADE—Cassius M. Clay (great applause). Why, Sir, there is no more liberty for a white man in the South, unless he owns slaves, than there is for the slave himself.

But it is singular, Mr. President, that being less than four hundred thousand in these United States who have any interest in slavery, these few should so entirely domineer over the rest of the nation as to make us quail before their threats of a dissolution of the Union. They have not only conquered the rest of the six millions of white men who inhabit the Southern States, but they have more than half conquered the free white men of these Northern States.

Mr. President, I say to you that it is shameful to us as men. To say nothing of it in a governmental point of view, it is base, cowardly, mean and contemptible in us to yield as we have yielded before the threats of this handful of aristocrats (applause). I know, Sir, that a few old grannies—and I mean no disrespect to the female portion of this audience—a few old grannies who don't wear petticoats, have their knees knocked together and their hair stand on end at the merest threat from any Southern source. And there is another class that I expect very little from in this republic. Your very rich men will not join you. I have very little hope of them; for, in truth, it is hard for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of Heaven; and it is just about as hard to get him into the Republican party (cheers and laughter). These men ape the profligate orders of foreign countries, and, therefore, very naturally sympathize with their own aristocracy. They are, as I have said, but few in numbers; so that the course they may take, when I look upon such a multitude as this, is but of little importance, with all their terror of the South; for God knows the car of Liberty is to roll over their heads and crush their bodies if they dare lift up their puny arms to stop it (applause). Then, again, there is another class—your real Judas Iscariots—men contemptible in their very natures, created, it seems, to be the vessels of dishonour, who, Judas-like, would sell their souls and their hope of salvation for thirty pieces of silver. These are well represented by the Northern voters in favour of the Nebraska bill (applause). There is no hope of this class; they are irredeemable. When I say this, I know that I represent the real character of these men, and express their real sentiments; and if you think I state it rather strongly, all I have to say is that I would that you had been with us when that treason to liberty and the North was perpetrated. All these men, in the days of the Revolution, would have been cow-boys or Tories; and every one of them, you may depend upon it, is at heart a cow-boy or Tory now; and if they had their deserts, they would go to Nova Scotia or to South Carolina (applause). I [illegible] purged of these beings, [illegible] they are incorrigible enemies of human liberty; and I say that, come what may, liberty in this country is dearer than everything else; and, whether men live or die, it must be preserved, even though the heavens fall (applause).

Threat of disunion! Yes, Sir, the humbug of "disunion" has done more to cow down the spirit of the North than all other things put together. The fear of a dissolution of this Union! My God, only think of it for a moment! A dissolution of the Union coming from the puny arm of the South! Six millions of people, with three millions of mortal enemies in their very midst, and no mechanic arts—not even the manufacture of a scow to row themselves across their rivers with! (Laughter.) And yet they say, "If you do not come to our terms, we will dissolve the partnership!" Why, Sir, there is not a business man anywhere who, if he had such a partner, would hesitate to kick him out at once and have done with him (laughter and applause).

Now, Sir, I am an advocate for your Union. I am no enemy to it. If your Government were righteously administered, it might be an instrumentality of great good; but let me say another thing, in all frankness; and that is, that if liberty is to be preserved, if Northern manhood and honour and true freedom can be sustained with the Union, then I am for it; but if these qualities cannot be maintained otherwise than by the dissolution of this Union, then I say away with such a Union (great applause).

There is another thing. I have strong convictions upon these subjects; I commit no one but myself, though I believe I speak the sentiments of my own State at least. I say there is another thing—and I put it as a question of casuistry: If the condition on which this Union is to be permanent can consist alone in trampling down nearly four millions of your inhabitants, I ask honest and honourable men, dare you wish that the Union should be continued upon even these nefarious conditions? (Loud cries of "No, no, no," and "never, never.") No, Sir, nor I, for it would be the most miserable selfishness, that ought to damn any man wishing benefit himself from such a sacrifice of all the rights belonging to human nature as this (applause). But in all this I am no enemy of your Union, provided you drive Slavery back to her own dark dominions, and there let her rot, and damn all those who foster it; but I stand here to defend our free soil, that the Almighty has conferred upon us, from being cursed with this curse that they are attempting to fasten upon it (applause).

I am not going to speak about your Nebraska bill, for I have already told you that the North is completely prostrate by this curse of slavery. There is no union now between us and the South; the pretended Union now existing is all meretricious; the heart does not participate in it; and I believe, from all that I have seen, and I am one of those who dare speak what I believe—I believe that there are no two nations on earth, not even the Russians and the English, at this day, who at heart feel less unity toward each other than the men of the North and the South. I believe that; and I am satisfied that this animosity is superinduced by this departure from principle.

I am glad to hear my friend from Massachusetts, this morning, arguing the position, and urging it upon you, that the Union could only be preserved by bringing the North back to regard and respect her own rights. Sir, I am here a conservative man, knowing as I do that the only salvation for your Union is that you divest it entirely from all taints of slavery. To suppose that your nation can prosper, and your Union can stand, as an instrumentality of slavery, is to believe that God Almighty is unjust and sides with the oppressor. I tell you, gentlemen, believe as you will, there is a providence that reigns over the destinies of nations as of individuals; and no nation can stand and prosper unless it lays its foundations in right and justice and liberty (applause). Suppose, Sir, that you can base your institutions on the trampling down of the rights of men, you will find, in the long run, that the Almighty is the friend of the weak and of the oppressed. You will find that for every wrong there will be a retribution; and it is vain and idle to suppose that a union of these States can be perpetuated by a violation of the first principles of justice and right. He, therefore, is the only true conservative of this Union who asks you to banish the fiend of Slavery from the administration of your Government. No, Sir, if the people at the North, at an earlier period in the history of this great republic, had maintained the dignity of men instead of proving themselves mere flunkies and doughfaces, leaning towards the South as they have done, we should never have heard a word about the dissolution of the Union. And what has brought us into our present predicament is the easy manner in which your miserable doughfaces have yielded to all the demands of the South. Had you met them in 1820 as you should have met them, your territory would have been vindicated from slavery and forever established for freedom; your Jefferson proviso would have prevailed over every foot of territory we then had or have since acquired, and the threat of disunion, and every cause of it, would then have been removed.

But not having done right, we are reaping the fruits of our sin. From that time on, Northern legislation has been but an illustration of miserable flunkyism. I know of no demand, however unrighteous, that the South has ever made, but has been yielded by the North. You have yielded so long and so tamely that you have induced the South to believe that they can do anything that they desire. And, Sir, they are not much out of the way, for they all take us to be a mere nation of cowards and poltroons. Mind, I do not say that that is the case—but you have taught them to believe so, and in this submission you have taught them to make demands upon you that they would never otherwise have dared to make at all. Sir, I do not blame the South one-half so much as I do this brood of doughfaces in the North, for they it is who, through their fancied consternation, have led them into that condition of things which we now see. Is there any man here who believes that freedom and slavery can ever agree? Can fire and water blend? Can you marry immortality to death? Sir, these things are impossible; and he is a mere political quack who believes that you can make any compromise between principles so diametrically opposite as are those of freedom and slavery (applause).

Now, what are the demands that the Slave Power are making upon us? They have added not less than nine large slave States to this Union since the Declaration of Independence, which, in its principles, emphatically denounces all human slavery. They have more new territory in these States to-day than there was embraced in the whole of the old thirteen American States who fought the battles of the Revolution. The South, like a great boa-constrictor, have wound their slimy folds around this immense territory and swallowed it, and now they are shearing over the whole of the Northern portion of this continent, with the intention of swallowing that also.

And the matter does not stop here, for there is an insidious operation going on—a new assertion just brought forward by the South, that, under the Constitution of the United States, a slave-owner has a right to take his slaves into any Territory belonging to the United States, without law, without the consent of the Legislature of such Territory, asking no leave of anybody; and it is contended that that flag which was to guarantee the freedom of men is to afford protection to slavery everywhere. And you see your Courts submitting to it. What did Judge Kane enact, a few days ago? He set aside all the doctrines of the American fathers, and would make a slave State of Maine, and prevent your Legislature from protecting the rights of your own citizens. Why, there is a man in prison now in the State of Pennsylvania, under the order of Judge Kane, which every lawyer knows is as illegal and arbitrary an order as ever was issued by the Czar of Russia or the Khan of Tartary.

I will not argue this legal question before this great multitude; but I will ask them to turn their attention to that fatal attempt, now so insidiously made, and which if not nipped in the bud, will assuredly lead to the overthrow of your liberties; and unless you of Maine and the rest of the free States to-day will vindicate your right at the ballot-box, all I can say is, that if you set any value upon your liberty, you will have to fight the battles of the Revolution over again. I have already told you that the South are conquering the North. Look at Kansas to-day. Look at the miserable doctrines of "squatter sovereignty." That is set up to gild over the most cursed and fatal dose ever offered to deceive a willing or careless dupe. Squatter Sovereignty! Who believes it? And now for the sincerity of the pretenee. The President made the Governor, the Judges, and other officers; Congress made the laws, and the rulers of the Territory began to administer them, miserable as they were. But what did the people do? Where was their squatter sovereignty? Why, the doctrine of squatter sovereignty was that a certain portion of the people of Missouri should undertake to dictate to the people of Kansas what was best for their interests, and to enforce their views and purposes by violence and bloodshed. Squatter Sovereignty, indeed!

The Governor of that Territory finds it invaded by lawless bands, marching over it with guns, and bowie-knives and pistols, to control elections and influence legislation; and he applies to the proper authority for aid. What kind of return does he receive to his application? He receives a prompt removal from his office, and another is appointed whose highest glory it will be to turn right round and yield obedience to the orders of Atchison and Stringfellow.

Now, just reflect on the insult implied in this? If it does not stir up your blood, you are not worthy to claim the son-ship of your revolutionary sires.

And after all this, to talk of a Union! Sir, I have said you have no Union. Is there a man in the North who dare take the Declaration of Independence in his pocket and preach its doctrines among the Southern people? Have you any law or power under this boasted Constitution of yours whereby you can protect yourselves from injury? Yet that Constitution proclaims that you shall have a right to print, speak or publish whatever you see fit, anywhere.

I say you have no Union to-day worthy of the name. What I go for is, that we should have a Union based on justice and equal rights to all, or sweep away at once this remnant which we now call a Union. I go for a Union whose blessings shall be enjoyed impartially by all sections—for a Union that will take care of the interests of all—a Union that will be for the good of all. Well did the gentleman from Massachusetts quote the words of the poet, when he said

"Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow."

The South will not maintain your rights. It is, on the contrary, their deliberate purpose to overthrow them all; and yet, when a man says anything deprecatory of this course of action, we are told that he is a "very rash man," and that the Union will be in danger if you assert your right.

I was speaking, a little while ago, to an Ohio congregation. I was urging particularly that the Republican party should go to Congress, and there, with a face of brass, demand a restoration of all the rights that have been stolen from them. I spoke of the House attaching a clause to the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill, restoring the rights of the conquered Territory of Kansas. I said that, if a member of that House, I would attach such a clause to that bill, and I would starve your miserable Administration to death before I would quit it (great applause). Some flunkies there said, "What would you do if the Southern members should take their hats and walk out?" I said I would set the dogs on them; and all the people said "Amen." That is the spirit of the people of Ohio; and it is yours, as I can see.

Now, gentlemen, I came from the State of Ohio, and let me tell you that your action this Fall is looked upon with intense anxiety by all the people of that State. When the history of this movement shall go to the South, it will carry dismay to the hearts of the people there; for, if your vote on the 10th of September next should be triumphant, as it will be, the successive triumphs of your brother Republicans will greet you all over the New England States. I know by your appearance here, and by the spirit manifested in your countenances, that you are not about to disappoint your brethren in other places—but I feel satisfied that Maine stands firm as a rock. Ah, Sir, how my State envies your position! The responsibility is upon you to lead the first column into fire (applause), and we of Ohio anticipate the time with as much impatience as did the old Guards of Wellington at Waterloo before he gave the word, "Up, Guards, and at them"; and when the time rolls round, you will find that our opposition to slavery is forcible and effective as was the charge of the Guards upon the hosts of France (great applause). I come from a State that embodies, in a tangible form, the noble principles of our god-like fathers—I come from a State the first-born of the glorious old Ordinance of 1787. It was given to us in Ohio for an inheritance, and, by the grace of God, we will continue it and pass it down to the next generation unimpaired. And that, Sir, is the spirit of the whole West.

I appeal to your pride as well as to your love of liberty to arouse yourselves and go along with us in the vindication of your rights. I ask nothing from the South which is not right, and God knows that, with my consent, I never will submit to what is wrong. It is all a system of outrage, aggression and wrong. Slavery, founded in violence, must always be aggressive; and the moment it ceases to be aggressive, it ceases to be at all. That is its very life—its being is outrage; and the moment it ceases to commit these outrages, that moment it runs down. Therefore, if you will go along with us to restore things to the condition they were in previous to 1850, repeal this infamous Fugitive Slave law, and restore the rights invaded by the Kansas and Nebraska bills. If this is done, then you will not need to demand what you will have a right to demand—indemnity for the past and security for the future. Let us restore things to their former position; for until we do that, our honour is not vindicated; the sense of justice of our fathers will not be appeased until we, their sons, have driven these vandals back and made them restore the rights they have stolen from us (applause).

I know you will do this; I know that you have the power to do it; and I know that the Slave Democracy can make no show against the numbers that I see here, and the still greater numbers that you represent. I have no fears of you. Each of you may have a neighbour near you who, though he means well, yet does not see these matters as you see them. Go to him and tell him the story of Northern wrongs; tell him how your fellow-men are trodden under foot; tell him how Almighty God demands as a duty at his hands that he should walk up to the ballot-box and vote for freedom. And while you thus quicken his zeal, the principles of your fathers will be vindicated, and your State will ever have the glory of leading off in this great, noble and humane enterprise.

[Several rounds of cheers greeted the speaker as he took his seat.]

ANOTHER FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE.

VERY SUCCESSFUL TRIP OVER THE U. G. R. R.—THE WAY TO CATCH CHATTELS IS NOT TO COME TO CHICAGO.

[From The Chicago Tribune, Aug. 15.]

YESTERDAY morning there was some little excitement around town, caused by the report that a slave-owner had arrived here from the South, in search of one of his runaway chattels, and that he had made all the arrangements for his recapture and rendition to slavery. The facts appear to be these:

An intelligent and smart young negro man escaped from his owner in Kentucky, some months ago, and, after the usual dangers and narrow escapes incidental to the exodus of men of his colour from the dark and bloody land, arrived safely in Chicago, where he has remained. His master at length obtained information which led him to believe that the runaway was here, and at once made up his mind to come and catch him. Valiant Kentuckian! Didst thou not know that the soil of Chicago was free ground, and that the air from our prairie was so pure that he who once has breathed it never again becomes a slave?

The Kentuckian, accompanied by some of his friends, arrived here on Monday night, and on yesterday morning set forth to walk over the city. Scarcely had he gone two squares when he met his slave! The recognition was mutual and instantaneous. Neither party stood upon the order of their going, but went at once, the master to the U. S. Commissioner's, to swear out the necessary papers for the recapture of his slave, while the negro made a straight bee-line for the depôt of the Underground Railroad, and in less than an hour was on his way to Canada.

The Kentuckian, in the meantime, got out his papers, made all his arrangements, secured his lawyer—the only one he could obtain being a Mr. Caulfield, recently from Kentucky—and spent all the afternoon and evening in hunting for the escaped chattel, without the least idea entering his head that he had left the city. The coloured people of the city amused themselves with aiding the zealous Southerners in their search, terrifying them, in the meanwhile, with stories of the vengeance which was brewing for them, and relating to them the sad and doleful fate which had befallen those who had come here slave-hunting before. They sent a deputation to the lawyer employed by the Kentuckian, requesting to know if he was really mean enough to engage in hunting a poor darky, and telling him that there were four hundred men here waiting to see the lawyer who depended on nigger-catching for his living. It is well known that hitherto there has been but one lawyer in town who ever stooped to this business, and he, having prospered a little, has now got to be above it. There was another lawyer who did attempt to catch a nigger once, but the odium which followed the act was so heavy that he was obliged to change his name, and even that did not shield him from obloquy. Late in the evening, the Kentuckian and his friends were informed that, by that time, the chattel was almost safe in Canada, and, with heavy hearts, they gave up the game, swearing, in tones not loud, but deep, that of all mean places they had ever seen, Chicago was entitled to the palm.

A WHITE CITIZEN OF INDIANA IN SLAVERY.

[From The Indiana Freeman.]

SOME nine months since, a free coloured woman, named Carter, in Evansville, Indiana, having a daughter lying at the point of death, employed a Mr. Eli Briant, a citizen of Evansville, to go across the Ohio River into Kentucky, to bring over a son residing there, a free man, who had never been a slave, to see the sister before her death. On the return of Briant and the free negro, it became necessary to stop over night at Henderson, Kentucky, where the negro was arrested as a runaway slave, and Briant as a negro-stealer, and both committed to jail. The negro immediately proved himself free, and, as a matter of course, the charge against Briant was left without foundation. Having him in custody, however, it was determined that he should pay a penalty for the crime of living in a free State.

A *vigorous* search for evidence of guilt was fruitless, but he was held on *suspicion* and required to give bond in $500 for good behaviour, and to leave the State, in default of which he was committed to prison. At the following term of the Circuit Court, a strenuous effort was made to find a bill of indictment against Briant, with no better success; but instead of setting him at liberty, he was again committed to jail on *suspicion*, and his bail increased to one thousand dollars. The tender mercies of Slavery now consigned Briant to a gloomy prison, badly fed, with bad lodgings, and without a spark of fire or other means of warming himself.

On the 28th of May last, after an imprisonment of more than seven months, the County and the Court finding that even the ground of suspicion could not be strengthened, that imprisonment was likely to be for life, that the underground railroad was doing as good business as before, in *chivalry* and *magnanimity* permitted this citizen of Indiana and native of Kentucky to be released from bondage on his giving his own recognizance in the sum of one thousand dollars for his good behaviour toward the citizens of Kentucky, and forthwith depart from the State, never to return, as will more fully appear by the following official record:

"STATE OF KENTUCKY, HENDERSON CIRCUIT, *sct.*—At a Circuit Court held for Henderson County, in the State of Kentucky, aforesaid, at the Court-House, in the City of Henderson, on the 28th day of May, A. D. 1855, before C. D. Bradley, Judge. —*The Commonwealth of Kentucky*, plaintiff, *v. Eli Briant*, defendant.—On the suspicion of attempting to entice away slaves.

"The defendant was brought into Court in custody, and he thereupon filed his affidavit, and, it appearing, to the satisfaction of the Court, that the said defendant was unable and has failed to give the bond required with sufficient surety, it is ordered that he be discharged from confinement upon his own recognizance; and he thereupon acknowledged himself indebted to the Commonwealth of Kentucky in the sum of one thousand dollars, but to be void upon condition that he will be of good behaviour towards the citizens of this State, and that he will forthwith depart from this State, and never again return.

"A true copy. Attest:

"WILL D. ALLISON, Clerk H. C. C."

Thus ended the imprisonment of a man who visited Kentucky on a lawful business, pursued it in a lawful manner, and even grounds of suspicion could not be sustained against him. In the meantime, the family of Briant has suffered for want of his daily labour, he being a poor man without any property whatever.

Mr. B. has been at great expense in employing counsel, who must be paid for their services, and he has now lost almost a year of time, he is broken up, and is in great need of assistance, to enable him to pay off his counsel and to establish himself in business. He has visited Indianapolis for the purpose of procuring aid; his demands are reasonable; he is no impostor, there being responsible persons in this city to vouch for him.

Will not the friends of humanity aid this victim of tyranny?

Any contributions placed in the hands of Andrew Bidwell, of this city, will be faithfully applied to the proper object. HUMANITY.

REV. JESSE McBRIDE.

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS.

DEAR FRIENDS: The undersigned invite your attention to the following facts respecting Rev. JESSE MCBRIDE, and ask of you such returns as your hearts shall then prompt.

Mr. McBride is one of the two Ministers who, several years ago, on the call of a few anti-slavery Christians in Virginia and North Carolina, volunteered to go into those dark regions of oppression and preach the whole Gospel. He sojourned there about two years, and not merely preached, but preached with such fidelity to the truth that he soon encountered the same spirit, and experienced the same results, which followed the preaching of Jesus and his faithful followers. Until the character of his sermons was understood by the slaveholders, he laboured unmolested; but then, with the unerring certainty and ferociousness with which the bloodhound pursues the panting fugitive, he was hunted both by criminal prosecutions and by mob violence. Possessed of a vigorous constitution, and well endowed with physical and moral courage, he resolved—trusting in God—still to remain and labour, and to submit to whatever might come. The slaveholders, at first, put on the air of injured innocence, and professed to be very peaceable and civil. Charging as *crime* what they *knew* to be virtue and duty to *God and man*, they brought against him various indictments, and tried the effect of criminal suits, by which they annoyed him in heavy fines, and sentenced him to imprisonment and public whippings. By this means they soon stripped him of his property, and involved him largely in debt, but failed to silence his preaching or to drive him from among them. But they knew their own strength and weakness, and how to sustain their "peculiar institution"; they knew that, being only evil, it can endure no light. And men who are selfish and mean enough to doom human beings to brutality, and sell them in the shambles with brute animals, do not usually hesitate long at any measure they may deem necessary to prevent the exposure of their practices.

Failing of success by the application of wicked laws, their next resort was lynching; and from this time forward, Bro. McBride's preaching places were thronged by immense and furious mobs. Perhaps no man living has been so many times assaulted, and had his life endangered by mobs, as he. But at length, driven to desperation, and resolved to be rid of him at any rate, the slaveholders assembled a large mob, seized his person, conducted him some twelve miles from his friends, to a place prepared, presented the instruments of death, and gave him his choice between being immediately murdered and leaving the South. Of course he left, but not till the mental excitement produced by these persecutions and outrages had laid the foundation of a disease which has shattered his constitution, broken down his health, and is now about terminating his life.

Though, ever since his return from the South, his health has been poor, and constantly declining, he and his friends have, till within a few weeks, been hoping and expecting it might be restored; but that expectation is now gone. He is very low, fast sinking, and expected to continue with us but a short time. By request of his physician, one of the undersigned visited him, a short time since—found him apparently near the grave, and in circumstances which should commend him to the sympathy and aid of every anti-slavery man and woman in the land. He is poor—*very poor*—and but for the prudence and economy of his wife, it would have been impossible for him to keep his family from absolute want for the past year.

While able to attend, a portion of the time, to his public labours, he had purchased, in the village of Leoni, State of Michigan, a small house and lot, as a home for his wife and children. For this property, all he has, he has been able to pay but a part. On it rising $300 are still due; and unless he has timely aid from his friends, the whole will be lost, and he will leave his family destitute, heirs to his poverty and good name only.

The Sabbath morning following the above-mentioned visit, his condition and wants were, for the first time, made known to the public. His case was presented to a little congregation in Leoni, sympathizing with him in principles, and a trifle to relieve his present pressing wants was obtained; but it is impossible for these, who are few and mostly poor, to do for him what justice demands.

These anti-slavery frends, who know his condition, have resolved to procure, if possible, the means to pay his debts and secure his house and lot to his wife and children after he is dead. For this purpose about $500 will be required, and they have cast about them to devise some method to raise the amount. They have unanimously agreed to attempt it by making him a donation visit at the College Chapel, on Wednesday, August 22d, at 1 o'clock, P. M., and have appointed the undersigned a committee to arrange for, and superintend the donation, and make known his case to the anti-slavery public.

Though Bro. McBride is to have a donation visit, it is not to be one of the ordinary character, nor on ordinary grounds. He has not been a local pastor, confined to a parish, which for their own welfare feel bound to support him. He is the man of no congregation, of no locality, of no sect, but the great-hearted advocate of the poor and the oppressed, "crying aloud, sparing not, lifting his voice up like a trumpet," wherever a listening ear would catch a sound. He is a veteran soldier of our most tried and trusty cohort, broken down by long fatigue, and sinking under honourable wounds. He has borne our standard in the hottest fight. He feared no danger, and shrunk from no duty. He is now the prey of disease, contracted in our hard warfare, and is surely entitled to the honour of a good soldier's burial and a soldier's pension for his needy family at our hands. He is your man—he has sacrificed his life in your work—and you would justly feel insulted if we let him die without apprising you of his situation, and affording you the opportunity of testifying your sense of his labour in your cause. What is done for him must be done quickly; and we only ask of you, brethren, to send him such donations as your sense of his case may suggest.

COMMITTEE.

ALANSON ST. CLAIR, MARY A. REED,
ABRAHAM BREWER, SARAH VAN SANDT,
L. A. HAND, JOHN LANG,
SAR

ing such sentiments be permitted to reside in our midst—be permitted to run at large among our slaves, sowing the seeds of discord and discontent, jeopardizing our lives and our property? We may justly be branded as "ruffians" and cowards did we permit it.

The sequel to this story is told by *The Squatter Sovereign*, Stringfellow's paper, of the 7th ult.:

"The most interesting ceremony ever witnessed in this town was the whipping of a 'live Abolitionist,' with the euphonious name of J. W. B. Kelly, who hails all the way from Cincinnati, Ohio, by Mr. Grafton Thomason, late of Clay County, Missouri. Mr. Thomason, a short time ago, lost a valuable negro woman, who, it was thought, had been induced to drown herself by the thieving scoundrel who is the subject of this article. Kelly, who was heard to express himself in the matter, severely reproached Mr. Thomason for being a slaveholder. Mr. Thomason, on hearing the matter, called on the said Kelly, who gave him to understand that he did not speak to men who owned negroes. Mr. Thomason did not wait for a further expression from him, but seized the independent individual and nearly wore him out against the ground. A friend, attempting to interfere, was, by one blow from the powerful fist of Mr. Thomason, landed backward 'on the other side of Jordan.'

"A meeting of the citizens was called on the following morning, and a committee appointed to command Kelly to leave the place at one hour's notice. The absence in the town of the article 'tar' prevented the citizens from donning him a coat of tar and feathers. He left our town between two days; and should he ever come back, he will be forced to go through with a tight-rope performance."

KANSAS LEGISLATURE IGNORED—STATE ORGANIZATION RECOMMENDED.

From The Kansas Tribune, Extra.

THE outrageous acts of the pseudo Legislature of Kansas having become intolerable, the people assembled in large numbers in Lawrence, yesterday, Aug. 14, and continued in session until the afternoon of the 15th. The Convention was conducted with great ability and its deliberations characterized by great harmony and courtesy. Not less than 600 persons from all parts of the Territory were in attendance, camping in wagons, putting up at our boarding-houses and with our citizens, and remaining over night to attend the deliberations of the second day. There was a deep feeling of indignation manifested against the outrageous acts of usurpation by which our people are enthralled, and a determination manifested to resist these usurpations at all hazards. Gen. Schuyler was chosen President, assisted by the usual number of Vice-Presidents and other officers.

The following Preamble and Resolutions were passed with great unanimity:

Whereas, By act of Congress, approved May 30, 1854, organizing a Government for the Territory of Kansas, a grant of legislative power was made to the lawful inhabitants of said Territory, to enable them to make such laws and establish such institutions as would be most desirable to themselves; and, in order to accomplish this, the said inhabitants were by said act empowered and directed to elect, according to a prescribed mode, a Territorial Legislature, with competent jurisdiction and capacity to act, under certain specified restrictions, over all rightful subjects of legislation; and whereas, while exercising the authority thus conferred to elect members of a Territorial Legislature, the Territory was invaded, and the inhabitants overborne by large and numerous bands of armed men from a foreign State, who violently took possession of nearly all places through the Territory at which said election was being held, who ruthlessly abolished the legally established mode of conducting the same, and who, according to their own mode, and by virtue of their own might, in utter disregard of the act of Congress, organizing a Government for the Territory, held an election for members of the Kansas Legislature, and elected certain persons as members of said Legislature; thus, to all intents and purposes, divesting the lawful inhabitants of the Territory of the entire grant of legislative power which had been made to them by the Congressional charter. And, whereas, The Legislature thus elected is now in session on the borders of Missouri, making laws for the governance of the inhabitants and citizens of Kansas; having recompesed its two bodies after its assemblage and organization—the majority expelling the minority, and authorizing and admitting other persons to fill the places of the ones expelled; having filled a vacancy (arising in consequence of a resignation) by their own act, without reference to the right of the people to elect; having fixed a temporary seat of Government at the Shawnee Mission, and, in pursuance of this, abandoned the place of meeting to which they had been convened by Executive proclamation; having now before them a bill, which they will probably enact into a law, making the right of suffrage in the Territory dependent on the payment of the sum of one dollar, without reference to the matter of inhabitancy, thus attempting to give up the ballot-box, by law, for all future time, to persons from foreign States; also a bill, which they will probably enact into a law, for the election, by themselves, of a Board of permanent Overseers, to be sent out into all the districts of the Territory, with power to levy taxes to any amount, and otherwise great from embarrass drive and oppress the people, all, over and above, and in direct and meditated violation and open defiance of the act of Congress organizing a Government for the Territory of Kansas, and acts supplementary thereto. Therefore,

Resolved, By those of the People of Kansas Territory now here in mass meeting assembled:

1. That we regard the invasion of our Territory on the 30th of March last, as one of the greatest outrages upon the law of the land and the rights of free citizens ever attempted in this country; and the Legislature now in session on the borders of Missouri—the offspring of that invasion, and the inheritor of all its qualities of insolence, violence and tyranny—as a living insult to the judgment and feelings of the American people, and derogatory to the integrity and respectability of the Federal authority.

2. That we repel with defiance the pretension of that Legislature to make laws for the people of Kansas; that we regard it as acting entirely without the authority of law, not only in consideration of its having been elected against law, and in violation of the rights and will of the people, by armed men from a foreign State, but because its course since its meeting and organization has been utterly regardless of those conditions and requirements of the organic act essential to a valid discharge of legislative functions, such as has effected a complete forfeiture of any technicality of law by which, at first, it may have been supported.

3. That, as men born in a land of liberty, trained to precepts of freedom, and alive to those inspiring sentiments which have prompted, in all ages, heroic resistance to tyrants—as descendants of those who, in 1776, braved the power of the mightiest monarchy on earth, rather than submit to foreign thraldom—we repudiate this insolent attempt to impose upon us a Government by foreign arms; and pledge to each other, as our fathers did of old, "our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour" to a resistance to its authority.

4. That we regard it, in this crisis, as incumbent upon the people to set aside all differences of political opinion; to cultivate a comprehensive and intimate intercourse with each other; to effect a thorough union, and otherwise prepare for the common defence.

5. That we consider the attempt to establish a territorial form of Government in this Territory as an utter failure; and that the people of the Territory should, at some convenient period, assemble, at their several places of holding elections in the various Districts of the Territory, and elect Delegates to a Convention to form a State Constitution for the State of Kansas, with the view to an immediate State organization, and application, at the next session of Congress, for admission into the American Union as one of the States of the American Confederacy.

6. That the people of Kansas can never be unmindful of the debt of graditude they owe to the Hon. ANDREW H. REEDER, for the firmness, ability and integrity shown in the discharge of his duty as the Executive of this Territory.

On motion of Mr. J. Speer, the following resolution was passed unanimously:

Resolved, That, in conformity to past recommendations, the Territorial Free State Executive Committee be requested to call a Convention of five Delegates to each Representative, to be appointed in the several Districts of Kansas, on the 25th day of August, to meet at Big Springs, on the 5th day of September next, for the purposes recommended in a call previously issued, and to take such other action as the exigencies of the times may demand.

THE TRUTH OF HISTORY.

HENRY S. FOOTE, late United States Senator from Mississippi, now of California, recently made a speech at Marysville, in which he made an allusion to the back-door transactions of 1850, by which Fillmore, Foote and other compromisers were brought into friendly political association. He said:

"The patriotic portion of the old Whig party, which adhered to Clay, Webster and Fillmore was, day by day, diminishing both in numbers and courage, and were openly complaining of being made the victims of a most relentless persecution, on account of their national affinities. It was discovered by several persons, who had the honour of being then in the Senate, that it had become necessary to put an end to this great and growing evil; and the humble individual who now addresses you, one day rose in his place in that body, and declared, for himself and other Senators with whom he had consulted, that they had resolved to tear up the evils alluded to by the roots, *by refusing, in all cases, to confirm the nominations* which could be traced to a certain official personage (pointing at the moment to the chair occupied by the celebrated Senator from New York), and expressing the belief that the political heresy of Free Soil would be effectually extirpated so soon as *the aspiring young men of the North could be taught the salutary lesson*, that the pathway to official elevation did not lie over the ruins of the Federal Constitution.

"I had not long taken my seat before Mr. Badger, of North Carolina, one of the purest and most patriotic men that has ever occupied a place in the national councils, came to me and stated that Vice-President Fillmore, then presiding officer in the Senate, *had requested him to make known to me that he perfectly concurred in the views which I had just expressed, and that he would be pleased to have an interview with me on the subject, in his official room in the Capitol, at the hour of nine o'clock next morning.* I promised to attend upon him at the time and place specified. I did so.

"Without going fully into particulars at present, it is sufficient for me to say, that I *obtained, by the direction of Mr. Fillmore*, from the hands of an accredited friend of his, *a list of the nominees subject to the objection of being violent agitators of the question of slavery. This whole catalogue of worthies was disposed of in the Senate*; in other words, they were *sacrificed* to the peace of the country; save one or two, whose nominations remained to be acted upon on the last night of that session of Congress.

"They were disposed of *by Mr. Fillmore himself*, on that same night; for, just before the clock of the Senate struck twelve, this gentleman, being then President, *sent in a special message, withdrawing all the offensive nominations*, and substituting others in their stead."

THE BOSTON ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

To the Editors of The British Friend.

SIRS: The friendly interest your paper has often manifested towards the anti-slavery cause induces me to offer an article for its columns.

As an American, I have long and attentively studied the existence of slavery and its probable consequences, not only in that country, but upon the cause of freedom throughout the world. No subject can have stronger claims upon the attention of the wise and good everywhere, viewed either as a political and social evil, or as a sin and crime against God.

The slaves in the United States are three and a half millions. Half a million are now added to the number in every ten years. Education is forbidden them by law. Marriage is no more sacred to them than to the beasts of the field. Such terms as husband and wife, parent and child, are unknown in the vocabulary of slavery. And generally slaves are less considered and cared for than their master's horses which they groom, or his hounds which are taught to hunt or tear them in pieces, if they attempt to fly from his power.

The Government is bent on perpetuating the evil. It prevented abolition in the South American Republics as long as possible. But for its interference, there would probably to-day be no slavery in Cuba; and now that island is to be seized and annexed to the United States as the only means of prolonging the evil on its soil. Texas, New Mexico and California are already conquered and secured to slavery. The whole of Central America, as far down as the great valley of the Amazon, has been explored and reported upon as favourable to slavery, and as by nature a part of the Territory of the United States. Should the rapacity of the nation remain unchecked, its Southern boundary would, in a few years, overleap the tropic of Capricorn, and its slaves number a score of millions. Already it is proposed to restore the African slave trade, to increase the number of the hapless victims; and ministers are found, even in the Northern States, to defend that traffic from the Bible, as one of God's own plans for the salvation of Africa.

The moral and religious condition of such a country cannot be mistaken. Such evils and crimes can only spring from a public sentiment, corrupt in the extreme, no matter what may be the religious pretensions or professions. To correct this public sentiment, as the only way effectually to abolish slavery, is the object of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Its aims are not political, but moral—indeed, eminently *religious*—for all its appeals are to the understanding and the conscience. Truth is its only instrumentality—its weapons are light and love. A quarter of a century ago it began its work, and to the present time it holds unswervingly to its high purpose—THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

The Boston Anti-Slavery Bazaar is an annual sale, commencing at Christmas, and continuing until New Year's Day, and sometimes longer. It is conducted by benevolent ladies, who are thus able to render most valuable aid to the anti-slavery cause. By this noble consecration on their part of money, time and labour, the American Anti-Slavery Society has been enabled greatly to extend its operations, until its newspapers and tracts, and the voice of its lecturing agents, are now speaking to the ear and heart of millions of the American people. Nor are they appealing in vain. The change in the public mind on the great sin and crime of slavery has been most cheering for the last two years. Never could the friends of freedom appeal to the world for aid with more encouragement than now; never did the ladies of the Boston Bazaar invite the cooperation of their friends in great Britain with so high hopes as at the present moment; never with such certainty of a sure, if not a speedy, triumph.

Unfortunately, many excellent people in Great Britain do not discriminate between the true and the false, in their endeavour to aid the anti-slavery cause. Many men, white and coloured, some of them professing to be fugitive slaves, have travelled in this country, addressing meetings and collecting money, sometimes in the name of a Society, but always in the name of anti-slavery; and very serious impositions have been practised. Last year, a man, professing to be a minister, went about England, raising much money, as he pretended, for a Society in New York; and the Secretary of that Society published, over his own signature, a disavowal of any connection with such a man. More recently, a coloured man, professing to be a fugitive slave, appeared in Liverpool. There he procured money of ministers and others, partly by borrowing, partly by donation, and in one instance he was detected in stealing. In a few days he was pursued by the police of Lancaster, where he had been perpetrating similar frauds; he, however, eluded their search, and the next week appeared in Warrington and Chester, under another name, pursuing his accustomed work.

Then there are others who are raising rich contributions for "Vigilance Committees," "Canada Missions to Fugitive Slaves," for coloured schools and churches, and for individual, newspaper and other enterprises, not strictly and scrupulously anti-slavery, but mixtures of politics and other alloy. Most of these are very well and proper in their way, but they will not abolish the slave system, nor even weaken it. No matter how many "Vigilance Committees" there are to help fugitives to Canada; but they need no agents in this country to collect money, now that almost the entire Northern States have become a Vigilance *Committee of the whole* for that object, and never could it properly be considered *anti-slavery* work to aid those who only propose to help the slave after he has escaped.

So, too, of Canada Missions. The poor should have the Gospel everywhere. But sending it to Canada, to the coloured poor, though they were once slaves, is surely not abolishing the dreadful slave system. Anti-slavery proposes the abolition of the great crime and curse everywhere, root and branch; not the confining it within constitutional limits, while protecting it there with the whole power of the Government. Such is the political remedy, and it is all that the nature of the Constitution permits to the politician, who is sworn to respect that oppressive instrument.

Anti-slavery is not merely a "Vigilance Committee," aiding a few fugitives to Canada under cover of night, but a bold and daring onset upon the great Bastile itself, demanding immediately the deliverance of every captive, in the name of humanity, and by the law of the eternal God.

Anti-slavery is not the proclamation of the Gospel to a few self-emancipated slaves in Canada, important though that may be; but it is preaching righteousness to a great and guilty nation of oppressors, more wicked than ever trembled at the denunciations of the Hebrew prophets, or drew down the anger of an avenging God for their crimes and cruelties.

The American Anti-Slavery Society, in whose behalf the annual Bazaar is held, has long been as well and favourably known to many friends of freedom in this country as it has been feared and dreaded by the tyrants and oppressors of America. Every gift laid upon its altar is religiously appropriated to the one great object of diffusing light and truth on the subject of slavery, and the surest, wisest and best means for its entire and speedy abolition, first in its own country, and then throughout the world. Yours, &c., PARKER PILLSBURY.

July 16th, 1855.

THE BLACK LAWS IN KANSAS.

[From The St. Louis Democrat, August 15.]

IN another column will be found a transcript of a law recently passed by the Lower House of the Kansas Legislature in regard to the "better protection of slave property." We invite the attention of Missourians especially, and in fact the whole people of the United States, to its bloody provisions, whereby the life of a white man is made of less consequence and value than the services of a negro slave. Our correspondent, writing from Kansas, speaking of its provisions, says that, "in utter disregard of the natural rights of free speech and thought, it is only paralleled by one thing in all past history."

To this remark we do not assent; it is neither profound nor accurate. Many acts more severe in provisions and more proscriptive as regards opinion have been passed, and even the resolution not to have the law printed has been more than equalled in the past. A Roman Emperor is said to have written his edicts so fine, and hung them so high, that the people could not read them, and thereupon to have glutted his appetite for blood to the utmost upon the unconscious violators. This, we think, fully parallels the decision of the Kansas Legislature not to print their Draconian code on the subject of slave property. To the twelfth section, however, it is our purpose, at present, to call more especial attention. It reads as follows:

Sec. 12. If any free person, by speaking or by writing, assert or maintain *that persons have not the right to hold slaves in the Territory*, or shall introduce into Kansas, print, publish, write, circulate, or cause to be introduced into the Territory, written, printed, published, or circulated in this Territory, any book, paper, magazine, pamphlet or circular containing any denial of the right of persons to hold slaves in this Territory, such person shall be deemed guilty of felony, and punished by imprisonment at hard labour for a term not less than two years.

This is neither more nor less than making a difference of opinion, upon a constitutional question, a penitentiary offence. It establishes the prison and the pillory as the arbiter of constitutional law, in preference to the judiciary of the land, and makes the human mind square its convictions to the ideas of a few accidentally elected legislators. The "Procrustian bed" has been a myth heretofore; it promises soon to be a shamble and a slaughter-house in reality. Men are no longer to be permitted, in the new Territory, to express abstract opinions upon moral questions without suffering the ignominious penalties of a State penitentiary, and this is what is called opening the Territories to the people of the whole Union, and admitting all persons to the enjoyment of its fair lands.

Squatter sovereignty was much lauded by Gen. Cass and Mr. Douglas, in the outset, and yet, under this phase of it, both Mr. Douglas and Cass would be sent to the State prison if they dared to utter in Kansas Territory what they have repeatedly said in glowing language in the Senate of the United States.

In regard to this law, we have but few words to say, and they may be said very briefly. We are in favour of the protection of slave property, and the rights of slaveholders, where slavery exists, by all laws and statutes that can be enforced, and human intelligence does not revolt at. But this is none such. It could not be enforced, as was well said in the debate on its passage, even in South Carolina, much less in Kansas. It is foolish in operation, and will prove reactionary.

Massachusetts assuredly destroyed the Know-Nothing party in the United States by the ultra course of her Legislature—by ignoring the Fugitive Slave law—and by enacting the Personal Liberty bill. The result, too, will prove that the Kansas Legislature has done more to destroy the prospect of making that Territory a slave State, by its ill-tempered, senseless, school-boy legislation, and by the enactment of the present "Black laws," than could have been effected by all the cohorts of the Emigrant Aid Society, or by all the zeal of Northern fanatical divines.

SENATOR SUMNER TO PASSMORE WILLIAMSON.

LAKE SUPERIOR, ON BOARD THE NORTH STAR,
Saturday, August 11, 1855.

MY DEAR SIR: With astonishment and indignation I have learned the story of your imprisonment; and now, from this distant retreat, where I am for the moment, I make haste to send you my sympathy.

From beginning to end—from side to side, and in every aspect—this transaction can be regarded only as a clear, indubitable and utterly unmitigated outrage. The new-fangled doctrine, that a slave-master can *voluntarily* import his alleged slave—of course with all the revolting incidents of slavery—into the Free States, is not more odious than it is preposterous. It is scouted by reason and disowned by universal jurisprudence. You were right in disregarding it. In stepping forward to remind persons, claimed as slaves on this pretext, that all such claim is baseless, you did a good work. It was this knowledge which filled them with confidence to regain their God-given liberty. And for this it appears that you have been brought before a man who, "dressed in a little brief authority," has cast you into prison. This outrage is rendered more outrageous by the way in which it was done.

It was perpetrated through the perversion of the great writ of habeas corpus. This writ of freedom and deliverance, which in England has often been styled the palladium of the Constitution—which is recognised as a distinctive feature of Constitutional Government—which finds no place in a despotism, and which is the very master-key appointed to unlock prison doors and let the oppressed go free—has been made, in your case, by a hocus-pocus without precedent, the instrument of imprisonment and oppression.

Strange and disgraceful as all this is, it must be considered as the natural fruit of slavery. Any person, whosoever he may be—whether simple citizen or magistrate—who undertakes to uphold this wrong, seems forthwith to lose his reason. He may be just, humane and decent in other things, but in the support of slavery he becomes unjust, inhuman and indecent—often in obvious unconsciousness of his degradation. The blindness which makes him insensible to a wrong so transcendent, naturally makes him insensible to the lesser wrong by which it is maintained. What is the writ of habeas corpus, the trial by jury, the privilege of debate, or your liberty or mine, in the estimation of a person who has already screwed himself to the pitch of injustice necessary for the vindication of an institution which separates parent and child—which stamps woman as a concubine—which shuts the gates of knowledge, and which snatches from the weak all the hard-earned fruits of incessant toil?

But there must be an end to these things; and as Shakspeare found a jewel in the toad's head, so do I find a cheering omen even in the injustice which has made you its victim. There is an old saying handed down from distant antiquity, that "Whoso the gods wish to destroy they first make mad"; and I have often of late been impressed by its truth. The Slave Oligarchy is mad, and their overflowing madness runs through every agent and tool. In all that they do—especially in the Fugitive Slave bill and its cruel enforcement, the Nebraska bill and its felonious administration, and now in the imprisonment of an unoffending citizen—I rejoice to believe that there is unmistakable evidence of that madness which precedes a fall. Verily the day is at hand when returning justice will once more bear sway; then, among the triumphs of Freedom, will be a reckoning with unjust judges.

Meanwhile, accept my congratulations on the portion of responsibility and dignity which is yours. It is a privilege to suffer for truth; and I envy not the meanness of that soul which would hesitate to prefer your place within the stone walls of a prison to the cushioned bench of the magistrate by whose irrational and tyrannical edict you have been condemned.

Believe me, my dear sir, with much regard,
Very faithfully yours, CHARLES SUMNER.

PASSMORE WILLIAMSON, Esq., Moyamensing Prison, Phila.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1855.

BRECKINRIDGE vs. SUMNER.

IN a previous number we have commented upon the more pugnacious portion of the letter of Rev. R. J. BRECKINRIDGE to CHARLES SUMNER, and disclosed the brutal and bloody threats always so ready to leap to the mouth from the angry heart of the slaveholder. Desist from your anti-slavery enterprise, or we will wage civil war upon you—war in which the North "*will not be waited for, but sought on the soil where she vainly supposes no danger can come*"—war to the last man—in the insane and godless purpose of maintaining against the civilized world our robbery of the rights of man. This is the plain meaning of the considerations urged in the first half of this remarkable letter, and, in fact, glaring through the whole of it, like the spirit of a fiend. We now propose to call the attention of the author of this most *unapostolic* epistle to some of the glaring sophistries and falsehoods which serve to eke out its violence.

You undertake to characterize as an absolute untruth Mr. Sumner's assertion "that slavery divests its victim of his human character and declares him to be a mere chattel." "There is not," you say, "a single slave State in this Union whose laws divest the slave of his human character. There is not a single one whose laws declare him to be a mere chattel." This is a most gallant and desperate stand to take; and if it only needed courage and effrontery in lieu of facts and arguments to maintain it, you might defy the world, which, having had, in all ages, some observation and some experience of slavery, have consented to hold an opposite opinion. So imperious are you in your purpose to impose upon the country your own theories of morals and of politics, so successful have you been in schooling venal Northern ministers and doughface politicians to mouth whatever egregious propositions you have put forth to justify your usurpations, that we must not be surprised if you even claim for the code of slavery that it does not divest men of their human character, or reduce them to chattels.

If slavery does not divest the slave of his human character, what of his human character does it recognise and protect?

The distinctive human character is reason. Reason is the attribute which makes man, not property, but the possessor of property; it is the faculty whereby man is superior to nature and lord of the brute creation. Its normal action is the acquirement of intelligence. "*A slave*," says Judge Ruffin of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, "*is one doomed, in his own person and his posterity, TO LIVE WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE, and without the capacity to make anything his own.*" This is not the language of a rhetorician; it is a dry legal definition of the status of a slave, pronounced by one authorized to interpret judicially the code of slavery. The form of intelligence which all civilized governments recognise and cultivate is that acquired by the knowledge of reading written language. In every slave State, not only is no provision made for the instruction of slaves in letters, but it is a penal offence for any one to teach them to read.

Another characteristic of a human being is his natural rights. These are, by good Southern authority, the right to life, to liberty and to the pursuit of happiness. Will you contend for a moment that your Kentucky slavery does not completely and effectually deprive the slaves of these rights?

Another right of man in society is his right to be consulted in the formation and administration of government. "All just governments derive their powers from the consent of the governed." Slavery not only deprives of political rights all slaves, but joins in the proscription all their kith and colour even in most of the free States.

Still, slavery does recognise some of the attributes of humanity. A slave is entitled to be punished for crimes. These are an undefined, undefinable legion towards his master, from an insolent look up to the audacity of a blow, and not a few towards society. In the criminal's dock the slave rises to the dignity of a man. For him the Court-bell rings, the Judge puts on his wig, and learned counsel think it not derogatory to defend him; he even gets honoured with the escort of the sheriff and his dignities to and from the prison, and is waited upon at the gallows with all those touching courtesies that are extended to white men in the same predicament. So eager are slaveholders to bring home to slave criminals the sense of their responsibility, that not unfrequently they assemble, from far and near, and anticipate the slow methods of the law by impromptu hangings and burnings—a procedure which would be quite absurd were there no *human* conscience to be affected by the guilt of which they have so lively a sense.

The lash, the universal incentive to labour, is an appeal to foresight—if not a human faculty, one which is only feebly shared by a few superior brutes. Slavery recognises the human affections and the human sensibilities in its skill to outrage the one and torture the other. It has a devilish sagacity to determine whose pride may be cowed, how mortal fear may be excited, how every feeling and passion may be appealed to to subserve its purposes and maintain its power. In fact, the whole theory of slavery with reference to the grade of the slave's intellect and his proper place in the animal creation is based not upon philosophy and science, but upon considerations of *discipline*. It avails itself of so much of the slave's human intelligence as makes him a useful tool, a servant, a mechanic, a cook, an hostler, an agriculturist, and coolly pockets the avails of his labour in these departments, while it refuses to admit the capacity which supports the slaveholder, might be sufficient to support the slave, or to yield a single privilege or right which such intelligence entitles him to. The slaveholder boasts of the faithfulness and devotion of the affectionate African, and, without a blush, tells of traits of nobleness he himself never was capable of, while he would dog an Othello or a Douglass to Madawaska, and there meanly chaffer with the very scum of society, to compass the reaapture of his self-emancipated bondman, if he should further vindicate the world's good opinion by running away from the service of such an ignoble tyrant as himself. There never was any sincerity or generosity in his praises. He only paraded them in the hearing of his slave to ensure and perpetuate his degradation. It was a mere contrivance of *discipline*. He gives him religious instruction for two reasons—first, to humbug the Northern clergy and their adherents with the idea that slavery is compatible with and promotive of Christianity; second, and principally, to maintain *discipline* by connecting the earthly sufferings of the slaves with an appointment of Providence, and making them submissive, and by stimulating their naturally strong religious affections, not for the purpose of bringing to their knowledge a just God, the common Father of all, but to set up in his place his pititul self, with all his turbulent passions and low vices, as an exclusive object of worship and obedience—a fouler *fetisch* than the most benighted heathen ever shuddered at.

You are, if anything, still more unfortunate in your next proposition. "*There is not a single slave State whose laws declare the slave to be a mere chattel.*" Here is the definition of a slave, in the civil code of Louisiana: "*A slave is one who is in the power of a master*, TO WHOM HE BELONGS. *The master may sell him, dispose of his person, his industry and his labour; he can do nothing, possess nothing, nor acquire anything, but what must belong to his master.*" There is no humanity, no personality even, no other idea repeated, in different forms, in this whole definition, than that of a subject of *property*, and that is the essential idea of a chattel. But in South Carolina the status of slavery has been defined in these terms: "*Slaves shall be deemed, sold, taken, reputed and adjudged in law to be* CHATTELS *personal in the hands of their owners and possessors, and their executors, administrators and assigns*, TO ALL INTENTS, PURPOSES AND CONSTRUCTIONS WHATSOEVER."

Who does not recollect how, a few years ago, Henry Clay, of your own State, in answer to the project of emancipation, stated, in the Senate, that the thing was preposterous, because the slaves in the Union were worth $200,000,000, an amount of property which Abolitionism proposed to destroy, thus making slavery a mere question of property? Who has forgotten the same Senator's declaration referring to the same matter? "That is property *which the law makes property.*" Is it not as property that the slave is reclaimed in the free States and his value recovered of those who have aided his escape? Have not the rights of slaveholders in the Territories been urged on the assertion of their right to carry their *property* with them? Is not the slaveholder's right to his slave while passing through or visiting a free State, now on trial in the Supreme Court, in the Lemmon case, urged exclusively on the ground of the absoluteness of his property in the slave? Only last Spring, Henry A. Wise thus writes to Nehemiah Adams, the author of "A South-side View of Slavery": "What are you writing to me about? Slavery—African slavery in the Southern States of this Union; a property—*property by the law of the States*—property protected by the Constitution and laws of the United States—private property, held by individual proprietors, by the same authority of sovereignties and of constitutions, and of statutes, as houses, and horses, and lands, and ships, and goods of trade are held?"

Here is no analogy of ruler and subject, parent and child, guardian and ward; no relation which may be made "analogous to the right which one has to a chattel," but the open, explicit, bold claim of property, and mere property, "*held as horses are held.*" We think Henry A. Wise as well qualified to pronounce authoritatively on the slave code as Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge. And yet, making the assertion contradicted by the very letter of the laws of slavery, by all its great legal and political champions, contradicted by yourself, in the same paragraph, you characterize Mr. Sumner's position, obvious to the universal common sense, Northern and Southern, as a "double perfidious quibble"!

Wild and guilty as is the phantasy that man can hold property in man, since your scholars and law-makers and statesmen have put your claims on that basis, you had better adhere to it. The relations of ruler and subject, of parent and child, of guardian and ward, are all beneficial, reciprocal and temporary relations; they are general, not local; they suppose reciprocal advantages and require mutual consent; they place neither party beyond the pale of law and the common responsibilities of society; they are necessary relations of human nature or of human society. Slavery resembles neither of them. It is permanent and not temporary; it springs not from consent, but from violence, and is perpetuated by force; it is not reciprocally advantageous, but is for the profit of one party and the suffering and privation of another; it places one party *dehors* the law as to protection from outrage and abuse; it is local, the most enlightened and powerful States wholly dispensing with it. In letting go the sanction of positive law, and fleeing to natural right for a vindication of slavery, you let in the whole force of the laws of God and common sentiments of mankind to combat, with fearful power, against your wicked practices. You can give slavery the dignity of an institution, just as you can prostitution or cannibalism. It began in avarice and in indolence and theft; this is a historical fact that cannot be denied. The law of the United States now pronounces the origin of American slavery, *piracy*. That cannot be a normal and righteous relation of society which can only be inaugurated by a capital and odious crime. It has been continued only by avarice, pride and love of power. Such motives can sanction no institution. That which it was a crime *per se* to begin, it can only be a crime to continue.

THE MORALS OF SLAVERY.

"J. B." (we suspect the letters stand for Jonathan Blanchard, once an agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, now President of Knox College, though we may be mistaken) is giving in *The Independent* an account of a visit to the region of Mr. Fee's labours in Kentucky. In the course of his travels he spent a night at the house of a wealthy slaveholder, of whom and his family he speaks as follows:

But to "mine host," the wealthy slaveholder. He was a poor Kentucky boy—married a girl (born on the spot where she now lives) and thirty or forty thousand dollars. He has sold four thousand nine hundred dollars' worth of her negroes—has built a fine house, has beautiful shrubbery, elegant stock, fields groaning beneath their weight of crops; beside a flouring mill which coins money for him, plenty of negroes left (though some have lately run away), and is altogether a gentlemanly, kind sort of a man till you come in him to the devil of slavery. Even that devil would almost quit him, but he is in terror of his fellow despots, who wince in their consciences as he does not continue in sin, and curse those who show symptoms of repentance. Here the fair side ends.

He had four children, two almost grown. He had sold others' children, and God took his. His wife is a fine Kentucky woman, not well read (and yet has read "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*"), who, while her children remained, stayed her heart on them, and thought she trusted in God. She is now inconsolable. And the pell-mell ways of slaveholding Methodism have little in them to teach her patience and submission to God. White scoundrels haunt her kitchen by night, and she fires on them with a shotgun.

"The wretches," says she, "ruin my slave girls by night—but they won't speak to them by day; and these are the despicable creatures who curse me for befriending and being run over by my niggers. I will wash my hands of it before I die. You are strangers to me (myself and a brother), but, if ever you hear of me, you will see that what I *say*, that I will do. *I will wash my hands of it!*" (with an intensity of tone and emotion I cannot describe).

She called, and a young woman brought a fair babe, almost white, and placed it upon her lap; the babe reached up to kiss her cheek, showing it was wont to be fondled by her.

"This child," said she, "shows how my white neighbours hate the niggers! And to think I may strive and train this poor thing, and her grow up and be spoiled by some of those wretches, as they have spoiled her mother! They agreed with the mother to kill it, and she would, too, if it hadn't been for me. And yet she was as good a girl as ever I saw, all but this. I went into the kitchen and took it, and she raving and reaching round for the scissors to kill it, and when I prevented that, and she lay there sick, she refused to let it suck, and her breasts bursting with milk; till the other slave said, 'Aunt Mary, I would just smack her, to act as she does.' Many a time since she has said to me, '*That child would have been in heaven if it hadn't been for you!*"

"But now I fondle it and call it mine, and make of it, and she begins to love it." (Of course she loved it all the time, but shame burning for her lost purity, ignorance, and horror at her infant's future, made her willing to please the white devil, its father, by sending it to heaven by the scissors.)

"Oh," continued the mistress, with relief gained by utterance, which would have kept her talking till now, "Oh! you will see that I will make my word good, and wash my hands of this thing, if for nothing but to spite the creatures who abuse me for pitying these poor niggers, and letting them run over me as I do. But I am in a close place. If I talk with a lawyer, they tell me I can't get rid of 'em without sending them to Liberia; and I have nobody to console or counsel me how to do. [Kentucky swarms with religious advisers.] And my children are gone, and here I am all day run over by these blacks, that you can't make much better while they are as they are; and many a time I sit down and cry, merely not knowing what to do, and my niggers all exposed if I should be taken away—for if my head was once under the sod, they would go like snow before the sun. But you'll see *I'll wash* my *hands of this thing*, and, though you do not see me again, if you *hear* of me, you'll see I make my words good." *Amen and Amen.* So may her words be made good. Meantime, may she trust in God—pray for and love her husband as commanded—and may God deliver the high-spirited woman of Kentucky from her hard condition.

J. B.

DR. LORD REVIEWED.

To the Editors of The Standard.

I HAVE been much pleased in seeing Rev. S. McKeen's review of Dr. Lord's pro-slavery pamphlet. The character of that pamphlet, as a powerful effort to defend Slavery, the Fugitive law, and the Kansas and Nebraska perfidy, is well known to your readers, and it will give pleasure to know that the President of Dartmouth has been fairly met by a clergyman of his own denomination. Rev. S. McKeen is a Congregational minister of Bradford, Vt., and belongs to the same ministerial association of which Dr. Lord is a member. The review, now published in pamphlet form, was first read in a meeting of that association, and, I believe, when Dr. Lord was present. Though the Dartmouth pro-slavery D.D. has been reviewed by several writers before, I presume this pamphlet of Rev. S. McKeen will tell most powerfully, not only upon the community, but also upon the Doctor's own mind, if not his conscience, as the reviewer is a clergyman of ability and of much and deserved influence, not only as an anti-slavery man and writer, but as a member of the Orthodox body to which he belongs.

My object, however, in writing this, is to give you the sum of the contents of Dr. Lord's pamphlet, that you may see into what "profound depths of moral depravity" a New England D.D. and professor of moral science in a New England college may sink. I had not the patience necessary to give the pro-slavery pamphlet a careful reading. I have, long since, been disgusted at such obtuseness in morals and such blasphemous tweedle-twadle in theology. But from this able review I cull the following. They are the propositions maintained by Dr. Lord.

I. "It ought to be seriously considered whether slavery *may not be* of Divine origin, and, of course, right in principle, notwithstanding any wrong use which has been made of it."

II. "That slavery is an institution of God, according to natural religion."

III. "That slavery is a positive institution of revealed religion."

IV. "That the holding of slaves, or the carrying on of a system of slavery, by civil regulations, in accordance with the Divine plan, as understood by natural and revealed religion, is not inconsistent with any ideas or principles otherwise suggested or enjoined by the providence or word of God."

V. "Those interpretations of the law of love which set it in opposition to slavery, independently of its abuses, are fallacious, wherever their fallacy lies."

VI. "That there is no more force in objections against the institution of slavery, independently of its abuses, or reason for confining it within geographical limits, than there would be in objections to domestic, civil or ecclesiastical government, because sometimes abused."

VII. "That the *Nebraska Bill*, passed by the Congress of 1854, was a politic measure, and suited, by extending the area of slavery, to promote the best interests of our country."

VIII. "It is unwise and hazardous for Christian men to denounce or oppose the institution of slavery itself, in distinction from its abuses, or to give encouragement, directly or indirectly, to romantic and excited persons, who would subvert it before the time."

IX. "Ministers of the Gospel and all other Christian men should take the doctrines and practices of the Abolitionists into serious consideration, and use the most effectual means in their power to withstand them, and to save the nation from their pernicious influence."

X. "Slavery in this nation has been so wickedly abused by injurious laws and customs, not at all necessary to the institution itself, and by withholding from the slaves that which is just and equal and properly due to them in their allotted sphere, that the institution has been dishonoured, and the displeasure of God against the nation itself has been provoked."

XI. "Whether a minister of the Gospel who has become convinced that slavery is a Divine institution, and who could, without conscientious misgivings, and with gratitude to God for such an opportunity of benefitting his degraded and suffering creatures, become himself a slaveholder, may not still hope for the forgiveness and charity of his brethren, though he differs from them in the honest profession of his views?"

Now, dear STANDARD, is it any wonder that Dartmouth College has long had so many Southern students? And, does it not seem probable that Dr. Lord is, at least, mentally, a candidate for some honourable and profitable post in the South? Is it not manifest that he is of like sentiment with John Mitchel? Do you think he would object to owning a good Alabama plantation, stocked with five hundred slaves? Seriously, what a dark picture would be before us if the President of Dartmouth were the best specimen of New England divines or moralists. But, even in dark Dartmouth, light has arisen. Let the people everywhere know that, at the last Commencement, Wendell Phillips and Salmon P. Chase were present, as speakers, by the invitation of the students. What a withering rebuke of the President! Would that Hanover might soon become too hot a place for him, and that he might be obliged to seek refuge in some cooler *Southern* retreat.

Topham, Vt. N. R. J.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CLXXIII.

THE ARGUMENT.—Parties under repair—Cohesion in demand—External pressure applied—Chapman Hall Meeting—Its hereditary tendencies—The Correspondent on the old Massachusetts Manufacture of Public Men—Of the new materials worked in—Of lap-stones and gardnicks—He is resigned to changes—And why?—The Congress of Committees—The Chapman-hallers and their bed—How they wanted to lay in it—The Chief End of Man—The Gambler's Fate—The Correspondent freeth his mind as to Governor Gardner—And giveth advice and rumours—Odd confusion of parties—Importance of locking sharp to nominations—The Anti-Maineites—The Rev. Mr. Lovejoy—His genesis, transformations, logic and luck—The Correspondent's Gubernatorial aspirations—He telleth of who keepeth Gov. Gardner's Conscience—And laudeth the arrangement—And describeth its latest fruits—Of the Massasoit Guards—Arms refused on account of Colours—A strictly Constitutional Objection—The Correspondent defendeth the common right of "swaller-tails"—He maketh suggestions and maketh a valuable contribution to the new company, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, Aug. 27, 1855.

We are beginning to brush up our politics here in good earnest. There being, fortunately, a sufficient number of public-spirited individuals willing to undertake the government of the State, on easy terms, we feel in no danger of being left to the horrors of anarchy. But as, unfortunately, they happen to be badly cut up into parties, none of which (not even the triumphant Know-Nothings of last year) feel quite able to walk alone into the State-House, the grand problem our Machiavels have to solve is, how to do it with the least harm to themselves and the least advantage to the rest. The contending elements are lucky, this year, in having a definite enemy to contend with in the Anti-Maine-Law party. This is felt to be no mean antagonist, which, if it be wise in its generation (or in its nomination, which is the same thing), may prove an ugly customer to them all, though its members are more generally known in the character of sellers than of customers. So the different fragments of partyhood are drawn together by the secret instinct that they must unite or perish. I told you that the Know-Nothing Council nominated a Committee to consult with the other party Committees and see whether any cooperation could be agreed upon. Week before last, a promiscuous assemblage came together in Chapman Hall in this City, consisting of Whigs, Free Soilers, Know-Nothings and at least one Democrat (ex-Gov. Boutwell), to see whether there could be invented any *menstruum* which could dissolve their differences and unite them in one homogeneous mass. There were a good many Whigs, as well as Whig-born Free Soilers, which element rather controlled the meeting. In spite of which, Mr. Winthrop refused to have anything to do with it, and Mr. Franklin Dexter withdrew his cooperation from it, because of its *ultra* tendencies. Though what could well be less aggressive in any beings that proposed moving at all, it is not easy to conceive.

The fact is that we in Massachusetts were brought up in the belief (in which I must confess myself to have been long a partaker) that some preparation of education and experience in affairs was desirable, if not essential, to the making-up of a public man. None but lawyers, judges, gentlemen of learned leisure, well instructed in books and enlightened by travel, used to be thought the proper raw materials for this branch of domestic manufacture. Now and then, to be sure, a merchant of a grand description, like Mr. Lloyd or Mr. Silsbee, might be interpolated, by special grace and favour. We have had to come down in our notions, however, a good many pegs since those old days, though many of us have a lurking remnant of the old superstition left. Men not answering any of these descriptions forced themselves forward, chiefly by stress of the large fortunes they had made in business. We had to change our ideas and allow men engaged in actual traffic, yea, even men concerning whom the memory of other men (horrible to narrate!) ran back to the time when they stood behind counters and dealt out dry goods by the yard, to allow such as these to go to Congress and give law to us at home. But there we are inclined to make a stand. "A line must be drawn somewhere," as Mrs. Kenwigs (I believe it was) said about the adjustment of *her* party. As to going any lower, and setting up shoemakers and printers, and such like "base mechanicals," to reign over us, it is "most tolerable and not to be endured." (Don't let your printers go and make good English of that and say "*in*tolerable," as they did once, years ago.) This feeling, I imagine, lies at the bottom of a good deal of the jealousy the best disposed Whigs and the Whiggish-minded Free Soilers entertain about fraternizing with these parties, which bring new men to the surface of affairs. I am afraid Henry Wilson's lap-stone is a stumbling-block and a rock of offence unto many who would otherwise run well. Now, I have risen superior to all such prejudices. I think that a shoemaker's shop may be as fit a nursery for Statesmen as a dry-goods one. If there is no halo surrounding the lap-stone, no more is there a divinity that hedges a yardstick. And when I see the mess made by the men of all sorts we have sent to Congress—statesmen by trade, like Mr. Webster and Mr. Winthrop; reformed ministers, like Mr. Everett and Mr. Eliot, and successful dry-goods men, like Mr. Lawrence and the two Appletons—when, I say, I see the mess all these gentlemen have made, I am content to see shoemakers, like Mr. Wilson, and printers, like Mr. Damrell, try their hands at it. They can't do worse. *That* is a mathematical certainty.

Well, to return to our muttons, as the French say (with no invidious allusion, however, to the parties of whom I am about to speak), the Chapman Hall meeting appointed a Committee to confer with the Committees of the other parties. Last Thursday the grand Congress of the rival powers met. The Know-Nothings, the Know-Somethings, the Free Soilers (known more lately under the *alias* of Republicans) and the Chapman-hallers met face to face. These last evidently felt that they had been brought acquainted with strange bed-fellows and were disposed to say as a famous Chief Justice of ours, in the days when travellers used to be put to bed together, said to a strange bed-fellow of his, at an inn, who asked him which side of the bed he preferred—"I shall lie in the *middle* and you may lie on which side you like!" They were greatly fearful of being taken in and done for by the Know-Nothings, and there was some doubt as to how the Conference would turn out. The sub-committees of the three first parties unanimously recommended a Delegate Convention for the organization of the new party and for the nomination of candidates. The Chapman-hallers, on the other hand, were resolute to have nothing but a Mass Convention—thinking that in a Delegate Convention the Know-Nothings would have the advantage—though it is not easy to see how. They finally separated, having issued the two Calls; but as they are both for the same day, it is, perhaps, better as it is. If the Delegated Convention should stultify themselves to the extent of renominating Governor Gardner, then the Mass Convention can nominate somebody else and so help make the cauldron bubble.. Of course, the chief end of every honest man in politics is to throw Gov. Gardner overboard, to the fishes celebrated by Dr. Smith. It is a disgrace to the State that he should have any partisans at all, for all he has the advantage of being in the saddle, just now. It would be too bad if, after he had ventured everything he had, and all the State had, too, for the Great Southern Sweepstakes and lost, he should now come in for the Northern purse and win that. Had the Virginia Election gone for the Know-Nothings, on which cast he had put his fate, and the Order, in consequence, carried the nation next year, of course his political fortune would have been made. He could have had his pick of all the fat things going. But as the dice went against him, it is rather too much for human patience to see him trying to sweep the board here, after he had done all he could to break the bank. Happily, he has made many enemies, which may conterbalance the friends he may have bought, and we may hear no more of him after next January. A strong candidate unquestionably Anti-Slavery is all that can carry the State against the Allied Forces of Democracy and Rumocracy. Colonel De Witt, of Oxford, and Mr. Alvord, of Greenfield, are spoken of as possible candidates. Either would be to be relied on, and would afford a favourable contrast to the Governors we have had for this twenty years.

The nominations made by this Mixed Convention at Worcester, next month, will be of very material consequence in deciding the complexion of our politics. For men and parties are mixed up so oddly, higgledy-piggledy, topsy-turvy, heads and tails, that goodness only knows how they may come out after a little shaking together. The enemies of the Maine Law form a solid phalanx, to be driven from their resolute purpose by no outside considerations. Like the Slaveholders, they are bound together by a common interest and know exactly what they want. Then nearly all the Democrats will vote for their candidate and probably a great proportion of the Whigs, knowing that they have no possible chance on their own account and naturally wishing to confuse the Fusion as best they may. And as a Plurality elects this year, it is by no means impossible that the Anti-Maine Law candidate may not carry the day. There really never was a time when the character of the candidates was likely to have so much weight in an election as this year. The Rev. J. C. Lovejoy is one of the most prominent candidates for the *candidature* of the Anti-Mainiotes. This gentleman is a brother to the Martyr of Alton and was brought from some part of Maine (I believe) to take charge of an Anti-Slavery Orthodox Church in Cambridgeport, which the vigorous pro-slavery of the Rev. Dr. Stearns, the new President of Amherst College, compelled to secede from his fold. And, by the way, I see that President Stearns is to make the Inducting Prayer next week at the Inauguration of the Rev. Dr. Huntington, who is to have in an especial manner the cure of the souls of the Cambridge Students! Mr. Lovejoy was a prominent Liberty Party man, as long as that party had a name to live, and, I believe, was of the number that entered into the rest of Free Soil after it had given up the ghost. But he had a kind of logic about him which led him to differ from his Church on what is called the Wine Question. He could not see how what was innocent in Christ and the Apostles became an immorality in this generation. And yet more, how it could be a religious duty every month, at the Communion Table, to commit a deadly sin for the glory of God. Though a strict teetotaller in his personal habits, he condemned the extreme doctrines of the teetotallers; and when the Maine Law was agitated, he took strong ground against it. In consequence of this he lost his parish and has been a special pet of the Liquor Party ever since. Another prominent candidate for this nomination is Mr. Knowlton, of Worcester, who, perhaps, would be the strongest man they could set up. And should the new party set up Mr. Gardner I, for one, should rejoice in the success of either of them.

You know that the King of England has a keeper of his Conscience in the Lord Chancellor. We have furnished our Presidents and Governors with a convenience of the same kind in the Attorney-Generals we provide them. The Executive Magistrate takes care to have a Legal Adviser who will be likely to give him the advice he likes, and by shoving the responsibility backwards and forwards between them, it somehow or other drops to the ground and sticks to neither. Now, our Chief Magistrate thought he could not do better than retain the man in his service who had taken such an excellent care of Governor Washburn's conscience the year before and returned it to him when the Know-Nothings kicked him out of office, as good as new. So Attorney General Clifford, though a Hunker of the Hunkers, the Whiggiest sort of a Whig, escaped the inevitable doom of all other office-holders who were not of the mystic Order and has held on to this day, to the great comfort and conservation of Governor Gardner's Conscience. The last service he rendered that sensitive excrescence was extricating it from a perplexity some coloured men had thrown it into by applying in proper form for arms, they having organized themselves into a Military Company called the Massasoit Guards. Of course, it was a thing not to be done, so it was referred to the Attorney General, who forthwith reported back that it was *unconstitutional!* So Governor Gardner refused without the slightest fracture of his conscience. Now, I should not advise any coloured men, any more than any white men, to expose themselves in this particular way, should they consult me. I think they could spend their time and money to much better advantage. But I do maintain that the monopoly of "*swaller-tailed coats*" and cock's-tails is not given to white men alone; but that they are equally open to the competition of coloured men as well, thirsty for such glories. And I understand that they are of my opinion, for it is said they intend to buy arms for themselves and to train on their own account. Indeed, I don't see how they could train in any other way. For they hardly would, I hope, consent to stand alongside of the Sims Brigade and the Burns Guard with their day's wages for kidnapping their brother jingling in their pockets. I am sure Captain Morris (for I believe Robert Morris, Esq., of the Suffolk Bar, is the Captain) would feel it a stain upon his honour as a gentleman and as a soldier to act as a companion in arms with General Edmands or Colonel Amory. But if they must have a Company, why need they name it after an Indian? Why Massasoit Guards? Why not *Attucks Guards*, after one of their own race, and the Proto-martyr of American Independence, on the 5th of March, 1770? I make them a present of the suggestion as the only contribution I can conscientiously extend towards their equipment.

D. Y.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, August 27th.

I DESIRE, in the commencement of this letter, to state, in the most explicit manner, that in no strictures which I have made upon Judge Kane, in the course of this correspondence, have I intended to include any one not publicly a party to the controversy now pending; that I have not meant to embrace in my censures, either directly or by implication, any member of Judge Kane's family, and that I very much regret that, in the haste of writing, and in the excitement, perhaps, produced by my subject, I should have used language in apparent variance with the tenor of this disclaimer. I say this at my own instance; and I do it as the only reparation I can make for any wound I may have unintentionally inflicted, and as a matter of justice to myself. Nothing could be further from my purpose than to needlessly hurt the feelings of any one, especially of any sincere friend of freedom; and the thought that I have done so has occasioned me unfeigned regret.

With this word of personal explanation, I proceed to my task, which is to tell you what has transpired, since I last wrote, in the case of Passmore Williamson.

The item of most interest under this head is, perhaps, the publication, in our principal city papers, daily and weekly, of a complete history of the Wheeler Case, from its commencement down to the present point in its history. With this statement, in one or two of the papers, is embraced Passmore Williamson's Petition to the Supreme Court for a *habeas corpus*, and Messrs. Gilpin's and Meredith's speeches in support of the same. An expense has been incurred for this of about $300, which amount has been contributed principally by persons not identified with the anti-slavery movement. The object is to correct the misapprehensions as to the law and the facts which still prevail in the community, and, in short, to take an appeal from Judge Kane's Court to the people. It is a good move and can't help but be followed by good results.

Mr. Williamson is now in tolerably good health. He had been suffering from rheumatism, produced by the dampness of his cell, but, on a representation of the case by him to the Prison Inspectors, he was promptly transferred to a cell on the opposite corridor, where he has the benefit of a southern exposure, and where he finds himself much more comfortable.

I was down to see him on Saturday last, and was accompanied by a lady friend, whose interest in his case had made her desirous of paying him a visit. A number of persons had gone before us, and, when we entered, his cell was as full as it could *comfortably* hold. Soon others presented themselves for admission, and we left to make room for them. So you see that, hard as is Mr. Williamson's lot, *solitariness* is not one of his trials.

Before leaving the building, my friend and myself took a walk along the corridor, she to look at the construction of the edifice, and I to examine the inscriptions upon the slates hanging at the door of each cell, indicating the crime of the inmate.

Mr. Williamson's cell is No. 78. On the slate at his door is inscribed his name and his *crime*—"CONTEMPT"! No. 79, on his left, has two occupants; one for False Pretence and the other for Larceny. No. 80 has also two, one for Larceny and the other for *Murder*. No. 81 has but one—he, too, for *Murder*. I went no further in that direction. Coming back, I found No. 77, on the other side of Mr. Williamson, occupied by two persons, one for False Pretence and the other for Robbing the United States Mail. In No. 76 was a man for Assault and Battery on the High Seas; and in No. 75 was one known to you and of your own profession (poor fellow!)—for Forgery. These are Mr. Williamson's neighbours: murderers, thieves and robbers. My friend had undertaken to go the rounds of the corridor, but her heart failed her and she came back. She could not longer endure, she said, the looks of the unhappy creatures, who peered at her through the doors of their cells, as she passed. "If this," said she, "is what is meant by the 'privilege of the corridor,' it is one which I should not want more than once to avail myself of. If I were Passmore Williamson, I would rather stay in my cell, if it were twice as close, than walk where I had to meet such dismal sights."

I was quite disturbed, on Saturday morning, by reading in one of the daily papers an account of what purported to be the proceedings of the United States District Court, on an application made by Passmore Williamson's family physician, for a change in his patient's quarters. It looked, at first blush, like an acknowledgment on the part of Mr. Williamson of what he had before strenuously denied—Judge Kane's jurisdiction; and it also bore the appearance of an appeal to the Judge for mercy. I was pleased, however, to learn, as I did on inquiry, that the application had been made without the knowledge or consent of Mr. Williamson or his counsel, and that the use which was made of it had never come within the range of the applicant's contemplation. Judge Kane caused him to put his statement in writing, and afterwards had it read before the Court, thus securing for himself an opportunity of coming before the public in his reply. His answer is contained in the published report, which reads as follows:

"The communication of the Doctor was referred to the Marshal, with power to procure a suitable place of confinement, if, in his judgment, the health of the prisoner should require it. It was stated that the Marshal, at the time the commitment was issued, had tendered to Mr. Williamson such courtesy as was consistent with his official station, which, however, was declined by Mr. Williamson. The Judge remarked that the application should be made by Mr. Williamson to the Marshal, into whose custody he had been committed."

Now, to the uninformed reader there is nothing in this inconsistent with the character for proper clemency which every Judge should sustain; but rather the contrary. It is as much as to say, Mr. Williamson is suffering no needless hardships which are not of his own imposition. If he has not heretofore had the benefit of all proper courtesies, he has to thank his own obstinacy for it; and as it is, any time he chooses to make application himself to the Marshal, all that he needs shall be promptly forthcoming.

This has a very fair look; but to those who examine below the surface it presents quite a different aspect. The fact is, the Marshal is Mr. Williamson's personal enemy—made such by the latter in the faithful performance of his duty. It was Mr. Wynkoop, the Marshal's brother, who, with two others, perpetrated that atrocious outrage, in the Summer of 1853, in Wilkesbarre, upon the person of the alleged fugitive slave, William Thomas. The conduct of these three men on that occasion was so brutal as to excite general indignation, and, United States officers as they were, to induce, on the part of the people of Wilkesbarre, a suit at law for Assault and Battery with Intent to Kill. Another suit was instituted by Wm. Thomas for damages, and the duty of conducting the prosecution in both these cases devolved chiefly upon Mr. Williamson. This brought the latter into collision with the Marshal, and in such a way as to make of him a bitter personal enemy. As the case came, in the course of litigation, before the United States District Court, this fact must have been known to Judge Kane, and, therefore, for him, with this before his eyes, to require Passmore Williamson to apply himself to the Marshal for the favour of more comfortable lodgings was nothing less than adding insult to injury.

But enough, for the present, at least, of Judge Kane. For, after all, it is not with him or with any other man that we have our chief controversy. It is with the principle which he and others like him advocate; with the system which he and they illustrate and defend. Charles Sumner says well, in his manly and beautiful letter to Passmore Williamson, that "all this is the natural fruit of slavery." "Any person," says Mr. Sumner, "whosoever he may be—either simple citizen or magistrate—who undertakes to uphold this wrong, seems forthwith to lose his reason. He may be just, humane and decent in other things, but in the support of slavery he becomes unjust, inhuman and indecent—often in obvious unconsciousness of his degradation. The blindness which makes him insensible to a wrong so transcendent, naturally makes him insensible to the lesser wrong by which it is maintained."

There has been no answer yet from the Supreme Court to Mr. Williamson's petition for a *habeas corpus*, though there is some reason to believe that one will soon be rendered. It was agreed, it appears, among the Judges, before they separated at Bedford, that each, after having had time to examine authorities and make up his mind, should reduce his opinion to writing and send it in to one of their number (Judge Black, at Somerset), who was to render an answer according to the views indicated by the majority. The opinion of one of the Judges is known to have gone forward, and it is inferred that the rest will soon follow.

The trial of Wm. Still and the rest, which was fixed for to-day has been postponed till Wednesday, at the request of the counsel for the Commonwealth, on the ground of the absence of witnesses. I am of the impression that they are not anxious to push their case; and that, having failed in their principal object, which was undoubtedly to compel Mr. Williamson to produce the woman and her children or their price, they will avail themselves of any pretext that may offer to abandon the prosecution. We shall see, however.

M.

PHILADELPHIA, August 27th, 1855.

Cain, where is thy brother Abel?

MESSRS. EDITORS: The first fratricide, when questioned concerning his victim by Him who takes cognizance of all things, from the creation of a world to the fall of a sparrow, sought to shelter himself by an evasion as well as a falsehood. Not satisfied with simply saying, "I know not," he daringly inquires, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Our modern Kane is deprived of any such subterfuge. He cannot hide his crime behind any legal quibble, or under any cloak of irresponsibility, for, unfortunately for himself, he has made himself wholly responsible and the self-constituted "keeper" of his brother. What, then, must be his feelings—for we presume him to have some of the sensations, hopes, fears and passions of humanity—when, from every hand, the inquiry is urged upon him, "Kane, where is thy brother Abel?" From the press, the forum, and would that I could say the pulpit, from the social circle, from the mart of trade, the question presses upon him. Sleeping or waking, the voice is ever present and sounding in his ears, for he has made himself his "brother's keeper" by wickedly perverting all forms of law to propitiate the Slave Power.

With such a judge as Kane, and such a press as *The Pennsylvanian*, the slaveholder may soon have occasion to cry, "Save me from my friends"—for if there be any love of liberty, any respect for law, any regard for State rights, or any contempt of a venal Court and a paper, professedly the exponent of *Democracy*, which suffers nothing to exceed its falsehood and slavishness except its blackguardism, then have the slaveholders cause to tremble for their institution, in Philadelphia; and when this, their stronghold, is no longer secure, let them despair of Charleston and New Orleans.

It must not, however, be supposed that the Judge and the exponent of Democracy have to fight the battles of slavery single-handed and alone, for each has aiders and abettors in abundance among the "baser sort." Foremost among them we may rank the chivalric Waterman of the City Councils, who, on the authority of *The Pennsylvanian*, startled the body of City Fathers with which he is connected by introducing a string of resolutions condemnatory of the action of the School Directors of Hestonville, in the Twenty-fourth Ward, who were charged therein and thereby with "doing violence to established social difference, to force *coloured children* into social equality with those of *white* citizens." After considerable discussion and propositions to amend them, the resolutions were "indefiditely postponed," by a vote of 10 to 8. But the cream of the matter consists in the fact, that Councils were perfectly aware that the charge, as made in *The Pennsylvanian*, was, as nearly everything is which appears in that sheet, a gross falsehood or exaggeration and perversion of facts, the said School Directors not having adopted any rule nor taken any action on the subject, farther than to *permit* a few coloured children in their *district* to enter the common schools for the purpose of acquiring an education, as there had been no separate pen provided for the coloured sheep of the fold. These Directors, happening to be good Christians instead of chivalric gentlemen, felt it to be wrong to make coloured people pay a school tax on their little property and yet deny them access to the schools, and, therefore, *made no rule to exclude them*, which *The Pennsylvanian* and Mr. Waterman construed into a measure calculated to "render the school system so odious that the mass, first entitled to its privileges, must forego all its advantages," &c. How these Directors could have exhibited such bad taste is a problem difficult to solve, since almost every grade of officials has exhibited a willingness to pander to this prejudice and to punish all guilty of a skin not coloured as its own. The fourth resolution, however, enlightens us as to the true cause for agitating the subject in Councils, and is not only another evidence of the power of the pro-slavery influences by which we are surrounded, but gives melancholy evidence of the servility of our would-be great men. It reads thus:

"Fourth—That, as a matter of public policy, it is in the last degree noxious to allow the impression to go abroad that Philadelphia *obliterates*, in her public schools, the barriers between the white and African races; that these schools, unsurpassed now in their plan and conduct, are one of the inducements to the best class of strangers to make Philadelphia their home—an inducement too solid to be destroyed for the indulgence of that species of philanthropy which would sacrifice the best interests of the many to the questionable satisfaction of the few."

Which, being interpreted, means, that if we consent to treat the coloured children as human beings—as having equal rights with our own—how can we expect to increase our Southern trade and custom, and how can we suppose that wealthy slaveholders will continue to select our city as a residence, where they may feel secure of full sympathy in their efforts to perpetuate their peculiar institution, and to "preserve their property" unmolested by meddlesome Abolitionists, or fanatical philanthropists? Manhood, honour, humanity, justice—all may be sacrificed, but trade and social intercourse with the buyers and sellers of men, women and children, must not be endangered! Some of those who aid in building our grand churches, and contribute largely to the salaries of their pastors, might be grieved or offended if we should, by any act of ours, admit that "God is no respecter of persons," or that all men are created with equal rights. True, such assertions are made in the Bible, but could never have been designed to intimate that the Ethiopian who took Philip into his carriage was equal to Philip, or even to Judas Iscariot, in the eye of the Lord. As to the Declaration of Independence, it should never be appealed to, as its only use, for a long time, has been to serve as a text to frothy orators on the fourth of July, or for demagogues to revert to as proof of the wickedness of all Englishmen and the tyranny of all kings, exemplified at the present day in the shelter which Canada affords to those who escape from the hell of Republican Institutions to the protection of Queen Victoria.

The Democratic League, an Association to which I have not heretofore alluded, though in active existence for more than a year, has, at its meeting in Clarkson Hall, on last Friday evening, resolved to unite in political action with any and "all who hate tyranny in every form, and who are no more disposed to submit to the yoke when imposed by a Slaveholding Oligarchy than by a foreign despot." They propose a meeting on the evening of the 30th instant, at 7 1-2 o'clock, for the purpose of forming, with their fellow-citizens, a Republican Association for the City of Philadelphia, and also for the purpose of nominating a ticket to be supported by the *freemen* (if we can be said to have any such since Judge Kane's decision) of the City and County, at the ensuing October election. Choosing to "fight the devil with his own weapons," our Republicans, believing that negro slavery is maintained and *our* liberties endangered by the powers of Constitutions and the ballot-box, are still disposed to meet the enemy at the latter before resorting to the cartridge-box in defence of that freedom which they believe to be the birth-right of *all*. There are numbers of "good men and true," who are disposed to wage the battle of freedom in this way, and to all earnest workers in the anti-slavery field we should say "God speed," though they fight with different weapons. In the hands of an ancient Sampson, the jaw-bone of an ass wrought present deliverance, and a thorough, decided expression of anti-slavery sentiment through all the North would give us the jaw of a C-ass in aid of our work, though I much doubt its potency being equal to the one used by the Israelite.

The Hunkers of the old parties are sadly perplexed, and though Union-savers may crow, in order to encourage the rank and file, there is but little heart in the note of defiance, for *Union* without liberty—a Union of slaves—is losing its value; or rather settling down to its true value and appreciation—a solemn thought for slaveholders.

NEMO.

MRS. ABBY H. PRICE, formerly of Hopedale, but more recently a member of the Raritan Bay Union, and who is well known to many of our readers, especially in Massachusetts, as a devoted Abolitionist and friend of universal humanity, has opened an office in Brooklyn, where she will give Phrenological Examinations, verbal and written, to all who may wish to avail themselves of her skill. She proposes to give special attention to the mental peculiarities and proclivities of children, with a view to the enlightenment of parents and guardians as to the proper modes of education and training. Her competency as a phrenologist is endorsed by the Fowlers, than which there could be no higher recommendation. We heartily commend her to the patronage of all who may need her professional services. She may be found at No. 10 Poplar street, daily, from 1 to 6 o'clock, P. M.

Summary.

The Rescue of "Jerry" is to be celebrated at Syracuse on the 1st day of October. Hon. Gerrit Smith is to preside.

The Lancaster *Eagle* says: "The evidence that Atchison joined the Know-Nothings in Washington City, for the avowed purpose of making use of its means to carry slavery into Kansas, is in existence and can be produced."

The Secretaries of the Massachusetts Emigrant Aid Society announce that the subscriptions of stock in the name of clergymen now exceed one hundred shares, and the general donations in furtherance of the same object amount to $248.

The Anniversary of Slave Emancipation in the British West Indies, Aug. 1, is commented upon by the journals, but was not celebrated in any of the larger cities of Jamaica, if at all.

THE GOVERNOR OF KANSAS.—The Hon. Wilson Shannon passed through St. Louis, on Sunday, on his way to Kansas Territory, to assume the duties of the office of Governor. He was accompanied by his son, who goes out in the capacity of private secretary.

MOSQUITOES.—This advice is worth giving and taking and remembering, if it is true: "Sprinkle a little brown sugar on live coals or a hot iron in your room, and the smoke of it will banish the mosquitoes for the night." The essence of pennyroyal sprinkled on the pillow of the bed will, it is said, have the same effect.

FOOD FOR YELLOW FEVER.—It is stated that at Gosport, Va., where the yellow fever broke out, a census was recently taken of a row of six small two-and-a-half story houses, and they were found to contain 307 persons, and in the second story of one of them was a pig-stye, and a cow had recently been stalled in the basement of another.

AN APPROPRIATE RENDEZVOUS.—The *Salem* (Mass.) *Gazette* says: "It is understood that the members of the Choate family are to have a grand family gathering, some time next Summer, on Hog Island, in the town of Essex, the birthplace of the Hon. Rufus Choate." Hog Island is certainly the fittest place for an assemblage of *shoats*.

That Grand Jury which the rummies have been telling us was to indict Mayor Dow, of Portland, for murder, in putting down the mob of rioters in that city, has sadly disappointed Mr. D.'s enemies. Not only have they positively refused to indict Mayor Dow, but they turn upon the other party and indict half a dozen of the rioters.

TUFTS' COLLEGE, the new Universalist institution at Somerville, near Boston, was formally opened and the Faculty inaugurated on the 22d ult., in the presence of a large assembly. The installing address was delivered by Rev. Thomas Whittemore, after which the President elect, Rev. Hosea Ballou, 2d, D.D., delivered his Inaugural Discourse. There followed a collation, under a tent, upon the lawn, and addresses from Rev. O. A. Skinner, Rev. E. H. Chapin and others.

DR. SEARS ELECTED PRESIDENT OF BROWN UNIVERSITY.—At a meeting of the Corporation of Brown University, held on Tuesday, the 21st ult., the Rev. Barnas Sears, D.D., Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, was unanimously elected President of the University, and also Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy, in place of the Rev. Dr. Wayland, who has recently resigned.

CURIOUS DISTINCTION.—The following rather amusing conversation recently took place between a traveller and a squaw in Central Michigan. The squaw had a "papoose" on her arm, that was exceedingly white for a member of her race, which fact induced the gentleman to ask if it was not a half breed; whereupon she replied:

"No, no—not a drop of white blood about it—half Ingen and half *Missionary!*"

A LARGE CORN FIELD.—On an eminence near the city may be seen, at one sight, sixteen thousand acres of corn in one body, divided only by a few fences. It extends up this side of the Miami towards Elizabethtown. At an average of sixty bushels to the acre, which we believe is below what the average will be, this body of land will yield nine hundred and sixty thousand or nearly one million bushels. The gold digging of California scarcely equals it.—*Lawrenceburg (Ia.) Reg.*

A DESCRIPTION.—A day or two since, a legal gentleman of our city was called on to write a deed of manumission to be given by a Louisiana planter to one of his slaves, a young girl whom he had brought him. As the description of the girl was somewhat curious, we have copied it from the deed, as follows:

"Said ——— is about 17 years of age, medium height and rather slight figure, very fair complexion, with straight, light brown hair, and hazel eyes, with features of the Caucasian race."—*Cincinnati Columbian.*

ANECDOTES OF ROYALTY.—A good anecdote is current about the first interview between Victoria and Louis Napoleon, at Windsor. When the French party had retired to their apartments, Empress Eugenie remarked that the Queen, making every allowance to the Guelph features, was not at all handsome, but Napoleon replied sternly: "She has seven children." At the same time, Prince Albert expressed his admiration of Eugenie's beauty to the Queen, and Victoria turned proudly round, saying: "She has no children!"

THE WORK OF THE DEVIL.—The first article in the last *Church Review*, a leading quarterly exponent of the doctrines of the Episcopal Church, published at New Haven, expresses some opinions about modern Spiritualism. The writer admits the phenomena of Spiritualism, as recorded by Dexter, Edmonds and others, in all their details substantially, and admits that they are of supernatural origin, and not the work of impostors. He then goes on to show that they are the work of the devil; that the media are in a state of diabolic possession, and that no one can profitably or innocently have anything to do with them. Oh!

On Wednesday, the 1st instant, the propeller Queen of the Lakes took some fifty-five Germans from Chicago, Illinois, as passengers, who are part of a colony about to settle on the Michigan coast, opposite the South Manitou Islands. The colony has purchased about seven hundred acres of land there, and the settlement or town is to be called North Unity. Six or seven hundred Germans are preparing to join the colony, most of them recent emigrants to this country. The propeller also took up a pile-driver with which to construct a dock and breakwater at that point.—*Montreal Transcript.*

FROM THE PACIFIC.—The arrival of the steamship George Law, on Saturday, furnishes us with two weeks' later news from California, and advices from Oregon, Kamtschatka, the Sandwich Islands, the Society Islands, Australia, the South Pacific Coast, and the Isthmus of Panama. This steamer brings $1,285,616 in gold. The California news is of unusual interest. Destructive fires have occurred at San Francisco and Stockton. The financial affairs connected with the late failures are not yet adjusted. The death of Capt. Folsom, one of the pioneers of the State, and a man of immense wealth, has recently taken place. The accounts from the interior are encouraging. New veins of gold have been discovered. Rain has fallen in small quantities. The grasshoppers, having destroyed many acres of valuable crops, have disappeared. A French brig of war had arrived at San Francisco, bringing intelligence of the destruction of Petropaulofski by the Allied fleets after it had been deserted by the Russians.

DECEASE OF EXEMPLARY WOMEN.—Mrs. Sarah Waldo, widow of the late Judge Joseph Story, died at her residence in Bowe street, on Wednesday, of debility, at the age of 71 years. The deceased was the daughter of the late Judge Wetmore, of the Massachusetts Court of Common Pleas. Wm. W. Story, the artist and poet, the only surviving child of the deceased, sailed for Boston in the Liverpool steamer on Saturday last. The wife of the Rev. John Pierpont died at his house in Medford on the same day, after a long illness. Both these ladies leave a wide circle of friends.—*Bost. Tel.*

AMALGAMATION AND DISTURBANCE AT COLCHESTER.—The Hartford *Times* of Monday says that one Sandford Tattoon, a coloured barber in Colchester, was married on Sunday evening, the 12th inst., to Miss Mary Morris, a "blue-eyed daughter of Erin." The bridegroom is represented as being a full-blooded African. Bad as this proceeding is, however, some of the more disorderly inhabitants of Colchester have, in undertaking to rebuke it, done a thing much worse. The next night, Mr. Tattoon's shop was broken into, and nearly all the furniture taken out, broken, and, together with many articles of merchandise, strewed in the street. The loss to Mr. T., is from $100 to $200.

LEVEL OF THE TWO OCEANS.—It has been lately decided by Col. Totten, after a series of careful tidal observations taken here, and in Aspinwall (Navy Bay), and connected by accurate levels along the line of railroad, that the mean height of the two oceans is exactly the same, although, owing to the difference in the rise of tide of both places, there are, of course, times when one of the oceans is higher or lower than the other, but their *mean level*, that is to say their height at half-tide, is now proven to be exactly the same.

In the town of Bolivia, the difference between the two oceans was stated to be 3.52 feet—the Pacific at Panama, being that much higher than the Atlantic at Chagres.—*Panama Star.*

THE EXODUS FROM LOUISVILLE.—Since the terrible riots at Louisville, there has been a rapid emigration of the foreign-born population to more liberal and less dangerous locations. The *Democrat* of that city, of the 22d inst., says that on the day previous, a party of eighteen Germans—tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, cigar-makers and labourers—left for Minnesota, to come via this city and Galena. The next day (22d) four families were to leave—one to stop in this city, and the other three intended to go on to Canada. A movement is on foot to organize a Kansas emigration party of five hundred families. The heads of a hundred families signed the agreement on the first night of the meeting. Our cotemporary says that those families are among the best citizens of Louisville.—*Chicago Journal.*

A SAD TALE.—A man named Barnabas Bates, picked up in our streets, in a state of intoxication, tells a sorry story of his life. He says twelve years since he was the possessor of a fortune of $20,000, and surrounded by a happy family. He then resided near Utica. He was tempted to purchase a lottery-ticket; and now his wife, children and farm are all gone. His wife is in her grave, his children married and settled away from him, and his farm squandered for lottery tickets. He expressed to Chief Morgan entire indifference to his fate—for all his property was gone, and life was indifferent to him. "Yet," said he, "I blame no one—it was my own fault—I brought it on myself. I am 66 years old, and have not much longer to stay."

The old man's sad experience has a lesson for those who listen to it.—*Albany Register.*

A SLAVE CASE IN NEW YORK.—Mr. J. E. Thompson, of Georgia, on a visit, with his family, to Fort Edward, Washington County, N. Y., was cited to appear before Judge Gibson soon after his arrival, and to produce the person of an alleged slave Emily, complained of as in possession of said Thompson. Mr. T. appeared, having with him a coloured girl of about twenty years, and answered to the complaint that she was not restrained of her liberty, but had been informed, previous to starting upon the journey, that she would be free to leave him, if she desired, upon arriving in the free States; that she had no desire to leave him, but preferred to return to her Southern home. No one appearing to prosecute the writ, the Judge discharged the same. The girl Emily had not been consulted previous to the preferment of the complaint.

RETURNED.—Mary Williams, the poor Irish woman, who, with her infant child born in this country, was sent back to Ireland against her will, under the laws of this State, arrived at this port a few days ago, in the ship Chatsworth, Capt. Gorham, one of Enoch Train's Liverpool packets. At the time of her extradition, there was considerable excitement and discussion in the newspapers; and when Mr. Train was informed of the circumstances, he declared that his ships were not intended for prison ships, and immediately sent for her, tendering her a free passage back to this country. He also issued orders that every passenger on board his ships should henceforth be questioned, and if found to be unwilling to return to the old world, should immediately be landed. Several gentlemen offered to pay her passage and other expenses, but Mr. Train declined to receive anything, and they now have an opportunity to bestow their pecuniary aid upon the woman herself. She was in Mr. Train's office on Wednesday, when several gentlemen conversed with her. She is a tidy-looking woman, aged 28 or 30 years, and her babe is a bright specimen of Young America, about a year old. Those who have taken an interest in her welfare will see to it that she is well provided for.—*Boston Atlas.*

The dying bequest of $50,000 by Abbott Lawrence for building Model Lodging-Houses in Boston is one of the noblest and wisest of his many acts of princely benevolence. The lodgings of the poor in cities are too often a scandal to Christianity and a libel on Civilization. They might be greatly improved without increasing their cost—nay, they forthwith *should be*. It is a grievous wrong on the part of our rich men, who make money by letting tenements to the poor, that they have not long since acted decisively in the premises. The poorest class in cities generally pay the highest rents in proportion to the value of their premises; yet they very rarely have apartments adapted to their needs; more commonly they occupy such as were constructed for a radically different purpose, and are remitted to their use simply because they have ceased to be desirable for any other.

In Europe, but especially in London, a very good beginning has been made toward reform in this respect; and Mr. Lawrence's practical mind was not idle nor unobservant during his official residence in that city. He was already acquainted with the evil; he there obtained a knowledge of the remedy; and he has bequeathed from his estate the means of initiating it in Boston. The well-earned gratitude of thousands will reward his philanthropy.—*Tribune.*

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.—The *Pennsylvanian* is not only national, patriotic and conservative, but also thrifty.

Miscellaneous Department.

CHAP-BOOK LITERATURE.

It has been said that the ballads of a people possess a greater influence than their laws. If this assertion be strictly correct, how much more potential must be the impulse, towards good or evil, derived from their books! Many must recollect the old chap-books, as they were technically termed, of their younger days: books—if it be not a misnomer to designate such vile and worthless trash by so worthy an appellation—that were hawked about the country by chapman or pedler, and sold in farmhouse and cottage to a class who, at that period, were unfortunately unable to obtain a healthier description of mental sustenance. These books, however, have now almost wholly disappeared in the country, from a cause we shall notice ere we conclude: but in France, the multitude and mischievous nature of such publications were sufficient to attract the attention of government; and, apart from any political considerations, and merely as a protection for the minds of the young and uneducated, it was determined to establish a censorship over the *litérature du colportage*—the chap-books of the French. In the latter part of 1852, a number of commissioners, men well known for their knowledge of books and literature, were appointed by M. Maupas, minister of police, to examine and report on these publications. They had full powers to call in every work circulated by colportage; and in order to insure the strictest censorship, a law was enacted prohibiting colporteurs or pedlers from carrying any book not bearing a government stamp, and no book was permitted to be stamped unless approved by the commissioners. These officials had no sooner commenced their sittings, than they were overwhelmed by a deluge of no less than 7,500 books from all parts of France. To their astonishment, they found amongst them books that had been continually reprinted, without alteration, since the sixteenth century. Books of sorcery, magic, charms, invocation of spirits, and other similar absurdities, long supposed to have been out of print, that were treasured as curiosities in public libraries and in the cabinets of book-collectors, were actually discovered to be still published and sold in the remoter districts of France. Even Macabre's *Dance of Death*, with the horribly hideous old wood-cuts, which the collectors of rare books were glad to give pounds for, was found to be still sold to the peasants of the Landes for a few sous.

The publishers being anxious that the almanacs should be examined first, so that they might be ready for the annual demand, the commissioners commenced their duties with this class of books, of which an immense number are annually circulated in France.

The most popular of all the French almanacs, produced in an almost innumerable varity of forms and in immense quantities, is the *Almanach Liegeois*. Why term it the Almanac of Liege? Surely the Almanac of Paris would be a better title. Not at all. All these almanacs, no matter how different they may be from each other, are composed—so their title pages inform us—by Matthieu Laensbergh, a learned astrologer, and canon of the ecclesiastical establishment named St. Bartholomew, in the ancient city of Liege. Indeed, Laensbergh himself can claim a venerable antiquity, being the veritable Old Parr of almanac-makers. His first was published in 1636, some sixty years previous to the appearance of our own less celebrated, but still pretty notorious, Francis Moore, physician. Antiquaries, however, although they are obliged to concede a name to this Francis Moore, are very doubtful whether he ever had a local habitation, or was merely a mystical personage imagined by the worshipful company of stationers; and we are bound in candour to confess, that the actual existence in the flesh of Matthieu Laensbergh is equally problematical. For though there is a romantic story of his niece's marriage to Gerard Dow, the celebrated painter, apparently in defiance, yet really in fulfilment of her destiny, as predicted by the canonical astrologer—though Dow's famous picture of an astrologer, now in the Louvre, is said to be his veritable portrait—though in the families of the Straels, and their successors the Boquignons, who, for nearly two centuries, have been typographers at Liege, there are some traditionary stories anent this Matthieu Laensbergh—still a reference to the archives of St. Bartholomew proves that there never was a canon of that name.

The *Almanach Liegeois* is a most convenient one for persons who are unable to read, for, by certain symbols attached to certain dates, the most unlettered persons can follow its instructions: thus the rude representation of a phial announces the proper phase of the moon under which a draught of medicine should be taken—a pill-box designates the planet most propitious for pills—a pair of scissors points out the proper period for cutting hair—a lancet, for letting blood. The untutored Indian of North America takes nature as his guide, and sows his maize when the young oak-leaf has acquired the size of a squirrel's foot; but the French peasant, less wise in his generation, refers to Laensbergh for the lucky seed-time, and finds it indicated by the representation of a sieve. Yet, though it be now the almanac of the lower classes, it was not so at one time. In 1774, it predicted that in the April of that year a royal favourite would play her last part. Madame Dubarry, fearing the prediction applied to herself, repeatedly exclaimed: "I wish this vallainous month of April was over." The month passed, but Louis XV. died in the ensuing May: the lady's last part was actually played; and the credit of Matthieu Laensbergh was more firmly established than before.

From prophetical almanacs, it is but a step to the more strictly legitimate prophets; and the most remarkable of this class, one whose writings are still read with awe and wonder, whose prophecies have been translated into every European language, and have had almost as many commentators as the dramas of Shakspeare, was the famous Michel Nostredame, better known by his Latinised appellation of Nostradamus. Unlike our English prophets Nixon, Mother Shipton, and others—all of a humble rank in life—Nostradamus was born of a good family, and a descendant, by his mother's side, of a line of celebrated Jewish physicians. Selecting the medical profession, he soon rose to eminence, being particularly skilful in his treatment of the plague, at that period the scourge of Europe. But, distressed by the loss of his wife and child, and persecuted by the envious malice of less successful physicians, he retired from practice, and composed seven centuries of prophecies, which were first published in 1555. He at once became famous. Catharine de Medicis, naturally superstitious, invited the prophet to court, where he was received, and treated with the highest honours. He subsequently retired to Salon, published three more centuries of prophecies, and after being visited by several princes and crowned heads, died in 1566. His prophecies are written in quatrains, of which there are ten centuries, making in all 4,000 lines. They are an incoherent mass of obscure and mystical extravagances, such as might have been written by a well-informed man of disordered intellect. Yet so many and varied are the vicissitudes of men and nations, it would be strange if some one or other of those 4,000 lines did not bear a seeming application or allusion to some subsequent event, and thus receive the credit of being a veritable prophecy. Accordingly, the followers of Nostradamus aver that he predicted of the misfortunes and manner of death of Mary Queen of Scots, whom he had seen in her youthful splendour as queen of France—the massacre of St. Bartholomew—the battle of Lepanto—the Gunpowder Plot—and many other memorable events.

Few prophets gain name and fame in their own time and country; but Nostradamus was an exception to the general rule. The unexpected death of Henry II. of France, who was accidentally killed by a splinter of a broken lance entering his eye, and penetrating to the brain, when engaged in a tilting-match with Count Montgomery, spread the fame of the prophet over all Europe; for in his prophecies, published four years previous to the melancholy occurrence, was a quatrain, which we translate as follows:

> The young lion shall overcome the old one.
> In martial field by a single duel.
> In a golden cage he shall put out his eye.
> Two wounds from one he shall die a cruel death.

We need not enter into the elaborate explanations given of this quatrain by the commentators, further than to say, that the golden cage is supposed to refer to the helmet of the unfortunate monarch. We would rather place before the reader the most famous of the prophetic quatrains relating to England. The forty-ninth of the ninth century is really a remarkable one; and its number, by believers in the prophetical power of Nostradamus, is supposed to refer to the year 1649, in which the predicted event took place. The reader will remember that the book before us, from which we translate it, was, most undoubtedly, published in 1588:

> Ghent and Brussels shall march against Antwerp.
> The senate of London shall put to death their king.
> The salt and wine shall not be able to succour him,
> That they may have the kingdom into ruin.

Another quatrain is said to predict the great fire of London in 1666:

> The blood of the just shall be wanting in London.
> Burned by fire of three twenty and six.
> The ancient dame shall fall from her high place.
> Of the same sect many shall be destroyed.

The Restoration, and the defenceless state of London when the Dutch fleet was master of the Thames, is supposed to be thus predicted in another quatrain:

> The endeavour of the North shall be great.
> Upon the ocean the gate shall be open.
> The kingdom in the island shall be re-established.
> London shall quake for fear of sails discovered.

Although the predictions of Nostradamus purported to extend from his own time to the coming of Antichrist, they were not copious enough for the cupidity of the publishers and the gullibility of the people. Accordingly, the *posthumous* prophecies of the deceased seer have also been put into extensive circulation. But how were they obtained? Very easily. The tomb of Nostradamus was opened, and the venerable prophet discovered, seated in a brazen chair, and writing with an iron pen on tablets of ivory. But two ghastly men-at-arms, in complete suits of mail, guarded the portals of this mystic vault. No one dared to pass these terrible figures. At last, two convicts, who had been condemned to death, stimulated by the promise of a free pardon and munificent reward, consented to enter the tomb and seize the tablets. They succeeded in the attempt, and thus the posthumous predictions of the great man can be sold for the small sum of three sous. To this circumstantial detail, there is added a full length portrait in wood of one of the men-at-arms; and we can only say, that if the original was half as hideous, the convicts must have been brave men indeed!

Accounts of indecent, mischievous, and roguish jokes' tricks, and adventures have ever been great favourites with the lower classes, and consequently in good demand as chap-books. The first English specimen purports to be the adventures of Scogan alluded to by Shakspeare, whose head, as Justice Shallow tells us, was broken by Falstaff "at the court-gate, when he was a crack, not thus high." He well deserved to have his head broken many a time and oft; for his adventures were low, filthy, practical jokes, that now-a-days would be rewarded by a number of spells at the crank, and a few months' residence in a house of correction. Dr. Andrew Borde, from whom we derive the term Merry-andrew, published this work in the reign of Henry VIII.; but there are great doubts whether Scogan ever perpetrated such tricks. From what little persevering bookworms can ferret out respecting him, he appears to have been a gentleman, a courtier, and a poet, utterly incapable of such practices. In the same manner, a once common Scottish chap-book, a tissue of similar indecencies, is asserted to be the adventures of Buchanan, the illustrious scholar, poet and historian. In all probability, the low sharpers who first issued such books, ascribed the deeds detailed in them to men of eminence, thereby to insure popularity and sale; for we find the very same expedient had recourse to in France, where a book of an exactly similar class is entitled the *Adventures of the Duke de Roquelaire*, who lived in the seventeenth century, and displayed great abilities both as a statesman and a general. The adventures ascribed to Roquelaire are fully as disgusting as those attributed to Scogan and Buchanan; but the French work is seasoned with some approaches to wit, a quality of which both the English and Scotch works are entirely deficient.

A presentable extract from Roquelaire may amuse. It seems that when travelling he used a very mean equipage, and dressed in a very shabby manner. Passing through Lyon in this guise, he was observed by the bishop of the diocese, who was afflicted with an insatiable appetite for news. The bishop, seeing a strange traveller of mean appearance, thought he had only a plebian to deal with, and wished to gratify his ruling passion, cried out, "hi! hi!" Roquelaire immediately desired his postilion to stop, and the curious prelate advancing to the carriage, demanded:

"Where have you come from?"

"Paris," was the curt reply.

"What is there fresh in Paris?"

"Green pease."

"But what were the people saying when you came away?"

"Vespers."

"Goodness, man! who are you? What are you called?"

"Ignorant and uneducated persons call me Hi! hi! but gentlemen term me the Duke de Roquelaire. Drive on, postilion." The duke passed on, leaving the astounded bishop staring after the carriage.

Germany or Holland—for there have been learned controversies on the subject—furnishes a work of a similar description, entitled the *Adventures of Eulespiegel*, considered to have been the precursor of the Rabelais school. This work has been translated into most of the European languages; but as the point of its jokes is chiefly directed against the Reformation and the Protestant faith it never became popular in England. In France, however, it has passed through almost innumerable editions, and has actually given two new words to the language—*espiègle* (waggish), and *espiéglerie*, being derived literally from Eulespiegel.

Human nature being nearly the same in all countries, it follows that there must be a similarity in their literature. Thus we find in the French chap-books, as in our own, the lives of pirates and robbers: the English Jack Sheppard is rivalled in deeds of crime by the continental Cartouche. Again, as in our chap-book, the canny Scot, the blundering Irishman and the simple Cockney were severally held up to ridicule, so in France, the Norman, Gascon and Breton share a similar fate. There is one class of works, however, very common in France, that are utterly unknown in this country: these are stories of the camp and barrack-room, written in the peculiar military slang of the French soldier. Some are recitals of battles and sieges, as supposed to have been related by an old soldier; and these are often spoken at fairs and other public places by a man dressed in an old uniform. We would have given a sample of this curious kind of composition, but a translation of the best we have ever met with has already been published in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*.*

Some few of the French chap-books were found by the commissioners to be of a much superior class to those we have alluded to. St. Pierre's *Paul and Virginia*, Madame Cotton's *Elizabeth*, and the *Gil Blas* of Le Sage are as popular in their native country as they are here. Of translations from English works, *Robinson Crusoe* holds the first rank in popular favour; next to the world-renowned mariner of York, is a traveller of another description—no other than our old friend *Lemuel Gulliver*; while *Thaddeus of Warsaw* holds the third place. Among the less popular translations, we find the Irish stories of Banim that refer to political events; another Irish political novel, *The Hearts of Steele*; one or two of Galt's works; and some of Mrs. Opie's tales. There are a few other works, said to be translated from the English; but as we never heard of their titles, or even their authors' names, we forbear to mention them. But the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and the *Old English Baron*, are unfortunately unknown in the literature of colportage.

We have said that as many as 7,500 works were sent in to the commissioners. The retail price of these books varied from one sou to a franc, and their annual sale amounted to 9,000,000 francs. Yet such was their quality, that more than three-fourths of this large number were condemned, being considered utterly unfit for circulation. The publishers then sent in nearly a sufficient quantity to replace the rejected works, but the greater part of these were also condemned. At first, the authorities trusted to the demand for creating a supply fit for circulation, but this did not take place. The people were very properly deprived of impure and worthless publications, but there was not sufficient healthy reading to administer in their place. The question then arose, whether the Government itself should supply the vacuum thus created by the censorship, or, by means of rewards and prizes, stimulate persons of talent and learning to prepare amusing and instructive books for the people. But it was considered dangerous and improper for the government to enter into direct competition with the publishers. Unfortunately, we have no means of knowing whether or how the question has been settled. All we have been able to learn is, that M. Billault, the minister of the interior, acceded to the general suggestion conveyed in the report of the commissioners—namely, that the best means of supplying the people with a sound and sufficient literature, is to create it with the express sanction and assistance of the government.

Last year, a series of lectures were delivered at the Educational Exhibition, got up by the Society of Arts and held in St. Martin's Hall. Cardinal Wiseman was one of the lecturers, and delivered an eloquent and interesting address on the Home Education of the Poor. In his lecture, he alluded to the censorship imposed on the French chap-books, and some of the newspapers inferred that he advocated the adoption of a similar system in this country. Now, without entering into the question whether the cardinal advocated such a scheme or not, we may say that, happily, it is not required here. The race of chap-books has become extinct; and even in their palmiest days, there were none resembling those we read of in the report of the French commissioners—works so disgustingly vile, that we cannot further allude to them, but yet openly published in large quantities by wealthy publishers, men of reputation and standing in society, and publicly hawked from house to house. The Newgate-Calendar school of periodicals, which the cardinal so strongly declaimed against, are the great nurseries from whence readers are drafted to the higher class of publications; nor do we state this undoubted fact theoretically, but from personal observation during the last ten years. We have all enjoyed a similar sort of rubbish in the first phase of our reading-life, just as we have sucked hard-bake, and luxuriously feasted on unripe gooseberries. Besides, the worst of the present periodicals is infinitely superior to the best of the old chap-books.

The extinction of the old chap-books was as sudden as their reign had been long and prosperous. They were in full circulation in the west of Scotland some three-and-twenty years ago, when we sailed for India; on our return, after a three years' absence, they had totally disappeared. As a contributor to this Journal, it is not our part to say what destroyed them so effectually and so suddenly—we leave the tale to be told by other witnesses. Some months past, an elderly friend, living in a remote part of the country, wrote to request us to try and find for him a certain quotation from a travesty on the "Speech of Ajax to the Grecian Chiefs," written in the Buchan dialect. Our search was vain; till at last, thinking it might be in a collection of Scottish chap-books, preserved as curiosities in the British Museum, we referred to it, and found the required quotation. We also found written on the inside-cover of the volume, the following words: "This collection was made by me, James Mitchell, at Aberdeen, in 1828." It may be considered as the library of the Scottish peasantry, the works being sold by itenerant chapmen about the country, especially at fairs. No such collection could now be made; and *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, and similar publications, have superseded the writings of our forefathers.

Here, then, is a solution to the difficult problem that has caused no little anxiety to the statesmen and philanthropists on the other side of the Channel. As good and cheap periodicals have, in the very nature of things, exterminated the worthless and mischievous chap-books of this country, what is to prevent similar publications from filling the place of those withdrawn from circulation in France? In gratitude to M. Nisard, secretary to the commissioners, for his amusing account* of the literature of colportage, we humbly beg leave to draw his attention to this mode of remedying a great evil.—*Chambers's Jour.*

* *Histoire des Livres Populaires, ou de la Litterature du Colportage.*

* *Life of Napoleon in a Quarter of an Hour.* Vol. xii. p. 414, Second Series.

BRIDES FOR SALE.

We have heard it said that there are to be no more slaves in Egypt—a pleasant piece of news, if true. Mr. Breakchains has already commented on the circumstance, and told us that, "for the first time since the Nile began to deposit its sediment, the pellucid stream reflects the beauteous countenance of freedom," and so forth. This is not the first time there has been talk of this kind. Ten years ago, it was solemnly declared by that "very magnificent Bashaw"—this is the true pronunciation—Mohammed Ali, that in Alexandria, at least, conscientious residents and missionary gentlemen bound for India should not be shocked by the sight of flocks of human beings exposed for sale in public places. This was the result of a movement something analogous to that against Smithfield. The slave markets were complained of as a nuisance, not as a system. They were obliged to disappear. Accordingly travellers, fresh from London or Paris, who wished to convince themselves that such things could be—that boys and girls and grown persons were actually to be seen for sale—at least, such was the reason given for the eagarness with which the sight was sought—were compelled to hire a guide acquainted with the back-slums of the city. They then learned that the trade, instead of being carried on in the open street, was confined to certain small houses adapted for the purpose—ranges of rooms or cells round low courts. It was not customary, even for natives, to visit these places; a man in want of a slave used to send for four or five specimens, male or female as the case might be, and examine them deliberately as he sat smoking his pipe in his own divan; the jellab, or dealer, squatting by, ready to answer all questions as to age, temper, or origin. Europeans, however, obtained admission into the private slave-markets with tolerable ease. There was always some grumbling and affectation of resistance, but a few piastres smoothed all difficulties. It was worth while going once or twice in order to appreciate the vulgar reality of the scene. While passenger-philanthropists were praising the great step towards emancipation taken by Mohammed Ali—supposed to have repented of his slave-hunts—here was evidence that not the slightest change was contemplated. Serving men and serving maids, of all classes and degrees, were constantly on hand, constantly coming or going. In most cases, they were fresh from Soudan, clothed in a single rag, with their hair in a thousand plaits. It is not from avarice that the jellabs make their slaves preserve this miserable dress, but because they well know that new arrivals are most prized. Families like to educate them in their own way. It is not uncommon for girls already well civilized to be compelled to reassume their native dress, pretend ignorance of Arabic, and affect pristine stupidity.

We have glided into the use of the present tense, because the same observations still apply. Indeed, in speaking of Eastern manners, the past tense is almost superfluous; and, for that matter, perhaps, so is the future. Nothing seems to change there but the names—there is no progress, no development. When we hear, therefore, that slavery is to be abolished in Egypt by the will of that new jovial pasha—that man-mountain invested with authority, and besieged by rival influences—we remain perfectly unmoved. The statement has the appearance of a contradiction in terms. Abolish Egypt, you may; but not slavery in Egypt, for many a long day. The whole of society is constructed on the supposition that in every family above the position of a common labourer there shall be, at least, one bought assistant. Take away the slave-girl, and who shall grind the corn, or pound the coffee or the meat, or blow the fire with her breath, or turn the kababs, or wash the floor, or carry master's dinner to the shop in the bazaar? Who shall light the pipes of the great, or bring their slippers, or watch over the women, if there be no more memlooks or eunuchs? We will not absolutely despair of the future: but change must come by slow degrees.

What, too, would the rich Turk or the merchant who cannot afford to take a wife from amongst his own people do without Abyssinian or Georgian slaves? Let us not have false ideas on this subject. In most cases the Orientals do not buy odalisques, but housewives. When white or bronze-coloured ladies are introduced into a harim, the transaction very much resembles a matrimonial one. The victims, as we are accustomed to call them, are very willing parties in most cases. They are eagar to obtain an establishment. We remember once—during the time when it was said that no more slaves were to be publicly sold in Alexandria—being told that there was a Georgian girl to be disposed of in the Broker Bazaar. We went to see her. The poor thing sat in a white woollen mantle, and only allowing her dark glancing eyes to be seen. Her owner was not then present, but the master of the shop, Sidi Abn Hassan, sat smoking his pipe before her, dilating, from imagination, on her innumerable perfections. The moon, the palm branch, the pomegranate, and the gazelle were, as usual, brought in as comparisons for her face, her figure, her form, and her eyes. The chief thing on which he dwelt, however, was the fact that the ornaments of her person were worth three thousand piastres (thirty pounds). We saluted him at the first period, and he made way for us by his side, jocularly informing his auditors that we should be the successful purchaser. Two or three scowled tremendously; but the rest laughed, saying that the Frank was very unfortunate that he could not buy so beautiful a companion. We learned that the girl's name was Nazlet; and it was added that she was fresh from her mother's side in Georgia. This we knew to be untrue, and, having shown our incredulity, we gradually ascertained that she had been lately sold out of the harim of a Turk. When the crowd had dispersed, we tried to talk to the girl, but she did not understand Arabic and Abn Hassan was a poor Turkish scholar. She contrived, however, to ask whether the Frank intended to purchase her, and said—interested flatterer—that she had always desired to be the slave of a Frank. Her voice was sweet, and her gestures were pretty and expressive; but when, in accordance with the usual coquetry of Eastern women, she allowed us to take a rapid glance at her face, we discovered that care or sickness had made surprising inroads on her youth. We shall never forget that anxious and pallid countenance, lighted up for a moment by a fascinating smile—we fear not genuine, for it was expiring before the veil rapidly returned to its place. Her master—a surly Turk—coming up to take her home, put an end to the interview. Next day we heard some bidding for her; but the report had got abroad that she was thin and sick, and very low offers were made. We had resolved not to go and see her again; but she beckoned to us in passing, and we could not resist. Her first words, as interpreted, were: "Nazarene! Cannot you find a substitute to buy me for you?" That is to say, a Mohammedan, to become the nominal purchaser, we infidels not being allowed the enviable privilege of possessing slaves in our own right. She seemed really to anticipate being left on the hands of her master, who, we were told, attributed her meagreness either to ill humour or to the effect of the evil-eye. We did not attempt to explain to her that Christians abhorred slavery, and were liable to a fine imposed by the consul of a hundred pounds sterling (ten thousand piastres), for encouraging it in any way. We thought it best to affect poverty. That was decisive. Her manner changed like that of a young lady who learns that some impassioned suitor is dreaming of love in a cottage, because he has no expectations. She looked over our shoulder at a huge greasy Turk who was waddling that way. A short time afterwards, she was parted with for about seventy pounds, ornaments and all.

While slaves are kept at Cairo, in Wakálfahs, specially devoted to the purpose, but under the superintendence of the common sheikh of the slave-dealers. They are brought there generally from Constantinople some half a dozen at a time, but almost always receive additions from the harim of the place, for there are always "a few fine young ladies" for sale, forming part of the fortune of some deceased Turk. In the best houses, each has a separate apartment, and a separate duenna, or attendant—facts, which we might have learned from report, but which we happen to know from positive experience. We were some years at Cairo, in the hey-day of youth and spirits, and chancing to bear of the existence of these curious hotels, as well as of the difficulty, not to say impossibility, of penetrating into them, determined, at any rate, to try. Had we been better acquainted with Eastern manners, we should never have exhibited the blind obstinacy which in such case can alone insure success.

We started one day, a party of four, mounted on donkeys equally spirited with ourselves, and dashed into the narrow, tortuous, thronged alleys of the city, loudly informing our guide that we never meant to return without having seen a dépôt of white slaves. The fellow's single eye glistened with wonder, but he put his hand to his head, and exclaimed: "Trader—ready!" and trotted before us, stopping to whisper to all his numerous friends and acquaintances as he passed, informing them, as we afterwards learned, that he had four mad Franks in charge, whom he was resolved to lead a tremendous dance, in order to tame down their absurd curiosity. In the first place, he took us straight to the other extremity of the city, near the Bab-el-Zotona, where are the black-slave bazaars. We inspected them rather hurriedly, being already acquainted with that sort of thing, and then turning to our one-eyed cicerone, who pretended to forget what we really wished, said rather sternly: "Well, sir?" He apologised, and when we had satisfied the greedy demands of the yellabs, trotted away to the other side of the Bab-en-Nasr, where we saw some ladies from Abyssinia of various degrees of Bronze-colour, and a few Galla girls, black as coal, but wonderfully lovely in feature. This was not what we wanted, and some of our party began to talk of the propriety of cudgelling our guide. He understood the pantomime, and requesting us to mount again, promised with many solemn asseverations to take us to the therkh of the slave-dealers; and so we rode about a couple of hours, having interviews occasionally with several grave old white-bearded gentlemen who were always at first introduced as the sheikh, and who were then admitted to be only deputies. They all made long speeches to us, which we partly understood, beginning by expatiating on the impropriety of our wishes, and ending—when it was evident that we were perfectly inaccessible to reason—by referring us to a man in the next bazaar.

We had started very early in the morning, and it was not until an hour after noon that we began to suspect we were being merely played with: that is to say, that our guide was in league with everybody to prevent us from seeing these mysterious white slaves. We had learned one fact, however, namely, that a good number of Georgian and other beauties were lodging in a vast house in one of the principal streets—a continuation of the Goreeyeh, if we remember rightly—of course, under the care of a merchant. After a serious consultation, therefore, we gave Mohammed—he must have been named Mohammed—the slip, and resolved to do business on our own account. At that time of day the streets of Cairo are very quiet and lonely. Everybody is taking his siesta after dinner, and even the coffe-houses are empty. There happened to be one of these establishments exactly opposite the great house in question. We entered and called for pipes and Mocha—paid extravagantly for the first supply, and ordered a second. The kawajee was delighted, and gave a ready ear to our confidences. We told him what we wanted. That great wall, striped horizontally with red and white, rising to the height of some twenty feet, without windows, and then having only a sort of range of bird-cages projecting, but jealously closed, stood between us and a mystery which we were resolved to investigate. The worthy coffee-man, whose countenance was as brown as the berry in which he dealt, grinned and winked, but at first uttered that same absurd word which had annoyed us all day. It was impossible, he said. The only means of entrance was that narrow thick door opposite. There was a wicket in it. If we showed our Frank faces and pleaded for admission, we should be laughed at. That was indeed probable, but we did not give up in despair. We waited for events, smoking, and drinking coffee to the imminent danger of our nerves. At last the kawajee, who really took an interest in us, drew our attention to a great, brawny, fellat woman, who was coming down the street on the sunny side, with a great pitcher on her head. She was going, he told us, into the sealed house, being a servant thereof; and if, he added, retiring with a cunning look towards the back part of his shop, we chose to go in with her, why we should find only a decrepit old porter, and a lot of women, to resist us. We thought not a moment of the disagreeable consequences the act suggested, which had somewhat of the character of a burglary, might entail. All means of satisfying our legitimate curiosity, appeared to us legitimate. The door was opened. The brawny fellat woman entered. We made a rush across the street—a hop, step, and a jump—and before the old porter had time to understand what had happened, were scrambling up a long flight of narrow, dirty, shattered steps, as fiercely as if we were taking a town by storm. Where they came from we did not know, but by the time we had reached a broad gallery on one side, overlooking a vast court-yard, we were surrounded by a number of women, not the beauties we were in search of, but old, ugly women of nondescript appearance. How they screamed and shouted, and gesticulated, and threatened, and put their half-veiled faces close to ours, and asked us what we wanted and where we came from, and where we expected to go! Our answer consisted of handfuls of piastres and parahs, which produced a most complete effect. Their gestures calmed down, their voices became gentler, they began to understand our curiosity. After all, where was the harm? The merchant and his men were away—the old porter, who at length came up, had received a dollar in the hand that had been stretched out to grasp one of our throats—order was restored and then came explanations and a sort of bargain. By this time we had made out an individual figure in the crowd of our quondam female assistants. It was that of a round little old woman in a white woollen mantle, with a muffler wrapped all around her head, above and below her eyes; she was the chief duenna, and when her avarice was satisfied, professed perfectly to appreciate our feelings, and agreed, if we would only make haste, to exhibit her caged beauties.

There were seven or eight of them, each occupying a separate apartment opening into the great gallery which we had reached by our first effort. The doors were opened one after the other. After crossing a small ante-room, we found ourselves in each case in a nice chamber furnished with a divan, on which the slave sat or reclined, whilst an attendant woman squatted near at hand ready to serve her. The first lady we saw received us sulkily and pulled on her veil. The second—extremely handsome, by-the-bye—greeted us with shouts of laughter, made us sit down, and affected to coquette with some of us. On being rebuked by the duenna, she laughed still more immoderately, and offered us coffee and pipes. A serious quarrel ensued, during which we left, after making our present—for we had began to suspect that the least interesting specimens alone were exhibited to us. It was evident that these two ladies, though richly dressed and attractive in person, were not fresh arrivals. They had most probably been already in some Cairo harim, and were for sale either as a punishment or on account of the poverty of their masters. There was a certain reckless, vicious look about them that suggested the former to be the case—told stories, in fact, of incompatibility of temper, which low feeding and the whip had not been able to overcome.

The third door had been passed over, which of course roused our curiosity. In the other apartments we saw one or two young girls, very innocent-looking and quiet, with several dames, evidently well-accustomed to that transition state; but we did not note them much, being too occupied in thought with the mysterious third chamber. At length, after a good deal of parleying, in which promises were not spared, we succeeded in procuring admittance, and understood at once the reason of the hesitation that had piqued our inquisitiveness. Here was the gem of the exhibition—for in that light we regarded the place—a magnificent young woman, with dark dreamy eyes, arched eyebrows, smooth low forehead, rich lips, and dimpled chin. The purple blood came to her cheeks, and went and came again rapidly in the first flutter caused by our intrusion. She was dressed in the usual embroidered vest, with a many-folded shawl round her waist and loose trowsers, as we are accustomed to call the Oriental jupe, because it is fastened round below the knee, and falls in double folds to the ancles. The lady wore a small red cap, from beneath which her immense profusion of small tresses, increased in volume by braid, and spangled with gold ornaments, fell over her shoulders. Her unstockinged feet were partially covered by bright yellow inner slippers, as they may be called. When the first surprise was over, she received us in a courteous and lady-like manner, but still seemed puzzled to know what we could want, and why she was made a show of to Europeans. The dignity of her appearance checked our somewhat boisterous gaiety, and we remained gazing at her in silence—a circumstance that did not seem at all displeasing; for she smiled approvingly at us and at herself, glancing down over her splendid attire, of which she was evidently very proud. All our ideas of slavery were at once confounded; and it was not until some time afterwards that we understood the difference between the purchase of human beings to put them to hard labour and the purchase of them as members of a family.

We might at last have had some conversation with this bride for sale; but suddenly a tempest of human voices again whirled along the gallery. We were unceremoniously hurried out of the boudoir just in time to find ourselves in the midst of a dozen fierce-looking jellabs, armed with clubs and headed by an old man with a white beard, which he accused us of defiling. He was the master of the place; and a mighty rage he was in. The scene that ensued was so confused—so many people spoke at once—that we could not make our apologies appreciated; and, though we distributed small pieces of money right and left to the whole garrison, and thereby warded off some of the blows aimed at us, yet we could not, in any degree, pacify the old gentleman, who, being past the age of action, offered us his beard to pull, slapped his face, took off his turban and threw it on the ground—all to denote that we had unjustifiably violated his domicile—and so we had. Mingling, therefore, entreaties with counter-thrusts, opening a way with piastres when we could not do it with blows, taking the bruises we received as good humouredly as possible, we managed to scramble down the staircase and get into the street, where our donkey-boys, who had heard of our danger, were beginning to whimper and collect a crowd. Getting into the saddle as fast as we could, we galloped off towards the European quarter, where we related to many unbelieving Franks the story of our visit.—*Household Words.*

Tennyson's Famous Battle Ode.—The famous "Charge of the Light Brigade," which Tennyson wrote last year, and which elicited so much comment, appears in his new volume of poems. It has been considerably altered, and the Poet Laureate now suppresses the second verse, and the line in the third verse which affirmed that

> Some one had blundered.

The second verse, in the first publication, which is now omitted, was as follows:

> Into the valley of Death
> Rode the six hundred,
> For up came an order which
> Some one had blunder'd.
> "Forward, the Light Brigade!
> Take the guns," Nolan said:
> Into the valley of Death
> Rode the six hundred.

There are changes in most of the verses. The alteration in the last one is not an improvement according to our taste. We give both versions. Last year the ode ended thus:

> When can their glory fade?
> O, the wild charge they made!
> All the world wondered.
> Honour the charge they made!
> Honour the Light Brigade!
> Noble six hundred!

As published in "Maud," it reads:

> Honour the brave and bold!
> Long shall the tale be told,
> Yea, when our babes are old—
> How they rode onward.

—*Boston Transcript, August 22.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

M. A. Dumas has been appointed by the French Government to collect all the popular ballad poetry of the South of France.

——A girl has been born in France with two heads—the one being placed on the spot where heads usually are placed, and the other at the precise spot where monkeys and other creatures wear their tails. This latter has been amputated, and the child is still alive.

——A letter from Constantinople says, that the Sultan has ordered magnificent necklaces in brilliants to be made as presents for Queen Victoria and the Empress Eugenie, and saddles, also embroidered in brilliants, to be made for the Emperor, the King of Sardinia and Prince Albert.

——Mad'lle. Rosa Bonheur's picture of "The Horse Fair," which she sold for £1,000, has been resold to an Englishman—but not a resident in England—for a trifle under £2,000. Mad'lle. Bonheur has painted a reduced copy for the engraver, which is now in Mr. Thomas Landseer's hands. The second picture has been purchased by Mr. Jacob Bell.

——M. Victor Schœlcher, at present a political exile in this country, is engaged upon a "Biography of Handel," for which purpose he has received permission to examine the Handelian MSS. in the Musical Library of Buckingham Palace. Here he has discovered an oratorio by Handel, entitled "The Passion," hitherto unknown, as well as an opera called "Silla."

——Jaques Balmat, the celebrated guide of Chamouni, who was lost in the ascent of Mount Blanc about twenty years ago, while acting as guide to some travellers, was found a few days ago, in a state of the most perfect preservation. The body was immediately conveyed to Chamouni, where it received every mark of honour and respect. Jaques Balmat acquired some celebrity by being one of the guides to M. Saussure, the naturalist, in the year 1786.

——Novel Sentence.—A sentence recently passed in Switzerland, upon a man found guilty of sacrilege, shows considerable ingenuity in the art of punishing. The criminal is to be exposed for a quarter of an hour in the iron collar used at executions, and under the surveillance of the executioner; to receive publicly 60 strokes of the rod from the hand of the same dread officer; five years of hard labour; to remain ten years within the boundary of his native commune; never to be able to marry; and to lose all civil and political rights; to pass through certain religious exercises; and, finally, to confess his crime in the church, a rod in his hand and a cord round his neck.

——At Middlesborough-on-Tees there exists a singular freak of nature, "a boy with a real tail." He is about four months old and in good health. He has a perfect caudal appendage four or five inches in length. It springs from the vertebræ of the *os sacrum*, not the *os coccygis*, as does the tail of an animal, which is the continuation of the spinal structure. It has caused much interest among the faculty, who have had a consultation whether it would be proper to take it off; but as upon examination it is found to possess the properties of a limb, having bone, muscle, feeling, &c., and can be moved at the will of the child, it is feared the operation might endanger the child's life by affecting the spinal cord. It may prove of great inconvenience to the possessor in after life.

——How to Banish the Cholera.—A curious circumstance is stated to have occurred in the Mendicant's Asylum of the Monte Domini at Florence: The cholera recently attacked some of the residents, and it increased rapidly, to the great terror of everybody in the place. All at once, the director, in order to raise the courage of the persons under his charge, announced that the malady had ceased, and that it was his intention to give a grand fête to celebrate its departure. He, in consequence, gave a theatrical performance, and a dance, and made all the mendicants partake of an excellent supper. All this created such a favourable impression on the men's minds, that the next day not a single new case of cholera occurred, adding another proof to the many already in existence of the powerful effect of the state of mind in times of cholera invasion.

—— Eccentricities of Authors and Composers.—Paesiello could only compose in bed, and Cimarosa's muse never inspired him unless in the midst of a dense and mirthful crowd. The historian Mézerai had contracted the habit of writing by candlelight, and could not dispense with it even in the clearest day and hottest month of the year. Descartes thought and wrote stretched at full length on his back; while the great jurist Cujas wrote all his works lying prostrate on his stomach. Guido Reni found it impossible to handle his brush unless attired in magnificent apparel; and Haydn himself declared he found composition difficult, unless he wore on his finger the ring given him by Frederick II. Mathurin, the poet, always stuck a wafer on his forehead, between his eyebrows while writing; Napoleon used to mutilate the sides of his armchair with his penknife; and the readers of Glover's ballad of "Admiral Hosier's Ghost," would never divine that it was composed while the unconscious author destroyed with his cane a magnificent bed of tulips, to the horror of its fair owner, Lady Temple.

——The Circassian Female Slave.—Unless, therefore, the Circassian has seen a youth upon whom to lavish her young affections she usually desires to be sent to Stamboul. If her father be willing, she is sold to a slave-merchant, who takes her to the land she has chosen. There, she is sent to a ladies school; where she is carefully instructed, in the accomplishments of the Turkish gentlewoman. And, if she be very beautiful, she will be taught reading, writing, Turkish, Arabic and Persian literature—these will be an additional recommendation, in the eyes of a wealthy Osmanli. After two or four years—according to her age—spent in this seminary, the young girl is fit for sale. Her "condition" now receives the most unremitting attention for a few months. The doctor, in attendance at the establishment, visits her constantly. She is fed very carefully; she is daily bathed very discreetly; cosmetics of the most excellent kind are pressed into use. All these things are done, that her limbs and face may appear beautifully rounded; and that her skin may be pure, pale, clear—in a word, that she may look her very loveliest. The Circassian girls always bring a larger price than the Georgian. Their beauty is of a higher type. They are more intellectual. They can manage a household better—indeed, the Circassian